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"The answers you receive from me?"—LA TOSCA, ACT III.

MRS. BERNARD-BEERE IN "LA TOSCA," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

I remember reading in a book of travel the reflections of an adventurer who, pursued by a hippopotamus or other wild beast, had taken refuge in a tree. His peril was imminent, for, though his gun had not killed the animal, it had wounded its feelings (which were hostile to begin with), and it was greedy for revenge. Instead of his whole life presenting itself to him (as it always does under water, and even, sometimes, under fire), the question that occupied his thoughts was, "Is the hippopotamus" (or whatever it was) "a tree-climbing animal?" His mind reverted to a little book on natural history he had read in his boyhood, in which this (now very) important matter had been dealt with; but he couldn't remember about the hippopotamus. "If it had been a tiger," he writes, "I should have felt safe enough"; whereas it now appears that he would have made a great mistake, and probably have fallen a victim to misplaced confidence. The last news from India is that the old belief that tigers do not climb trees is erroneous. They not only sharpen their claws upon them, as cats do, to the height of seven or eight feet, but actually ascend the trunk. The phrase, therefore, "up a tree," which to the tiger-hunting sportsman used to be a synonym for safety, will henceforward have the opposite signification which it bears in this country. In future there will be no alternative for Josh Sedley and his congeners save to stick to their elephants or stop at home. "Master Stripes," as he is familiarly termed, can climb, when he pleases, like a schoolboy after eggs.

It is only very occasionally, and in the neighbourhood of Mr. Jamrach's, in the East-End, that the above information will be of use to Londoners; but other wild animals are so constantly getting loose from circuses and menageries that it would be well to know what conduct is the best to pursue, when brought face to face with them. It is obvious that different courses would have to be taken in different cases: the elephant would require treatment (buns, for example) which would be thrown away upon the anaconda. A handy little book upon this subject would be welcome to the pedestrian. In Lambeth Palace-road, for instance, the other day—fortunately close to St. Thomas's Hospital—a large baboon "might have been seen" (as the novelists say)—nay; as a matter of fact, *was* seen—"biting and snapping at all it came in contact with," and "causing" (writes the reporter) "considerable consternation." So I should think, indeed! It is probable, if the reporter had been present, his consternation would have been more than considerable. Nobody knew the least what should be done with that baboon. Some affected to ignore him, till he came quite close, when they became very natural, and ran away, with the creature after them. Others opened their umbrellas, as though he had been rain; but there was no concerted action, except among the people in the second floors, who all clapped their hands delightedly, and thought it capital fun. Lambeth folk are not literary, or "The Murder in the Rue Morgue" would have taught them that baboons can climb—and into second floors too.

An alligator is not thought much of as an adversary if met with on land. Mr. Warburton, the naturalist, when he "came across them," used very literally to do so, for he would jump on their backs and (to their unspeakable astonishment) ride them; but in their other element (water), if the following tale be true, they must have been ugly customers. Whatever may now be flippantly said against what "appears in print" (which in old times was synonymous with veracity), one can hardly doubt what is published in the "Historical Chronicle." It is there stated that during the hurricane that devastated Calcutta in 1737 a French vessel was driven ashore. "After the winds and waters abated, they opened the hatches, and took out several bales of merchandise; but the man who was slinging the bales up from the hold suddenly ceased working." They called him, but there was no reply. A man went down to look after him, but did not return, and he too answered nothing. A third man descended, and the same thing occurred. Then they got torches and lit up the hold. It had a great deal of water in it, from a hole in the ship's side, and in the water was an alligator, staring up at them "with a look of great expectancy." After a good deal of trouble they killed him, and found the three men inside. Scarcely any handbook would have provided for a contingency of that kind.

That a well-established and veteran author should keep "a ghost" to do his work for him is not unnatural (considering our fallen nature), and has a certain reasonableness, though divorced from morals; but for a young gentleman to make his very first essay in literature under false colours, as Mr. Benzon seems to have done, is inexcusable. It was known that his book had been "touched up," here and there, by a less "prentice hand" than his own; but that he should "never have written a line of it, except the autograph under his portrait," was a piece of information that has rather astonished the world. The most distressing part of the affair is the amount of philosophic reflection that has been wasted, not only on the volume itself, but on the character of its supposed author; for the most serious critics, with their usual intuition, read character in every line, and even "between the lines," and dovetailed man and book so admirably that one could hardly tell one from the other. It is positively shocking to think that all this ingenuity was expended on a dummy. Apart from that deplorable circumstance, the story of the publication, it must be confessed, is full of fun. The complaint of the biographer that he could never catch his man (for the desired information) except on the box-seat of a drag, and, when he did, that he could never pump a syllable out of him "in the way of retrospect or regret," is charmingly humorous; and not less so is the publisher, who declined to pay the money to this biographer under difficulties, because the book had resulted in a loss. He said, or is reported to have

said, that it would be "mathematically impossible for him to give any evidence of the number of sales." This is a "publisher's account" which Mr. Walter Besant would, one imagines, enjoy immensely; and altogether, if the Christmas pantomimes are in want of a little comic business, they might find it for once in Paternoster-row.

Some of our cattle-breeders have expressed their indignation that the Queen's animals get so many prizes. "By all means, let her exhibit as much as she pleases, but leave the prizes alone. How can we compete against the Queen?" This seems rather ungenerous, for no one imagines the prizes go into her Majesty's privy purse. It is her bailiffs, of course, who get them, just as the gardeners of our great landed proprietors, and not themselves, pocket the rewards at flower-shows. And why should this not be so? It is not the mere money of a cattle-breeder, and still less his rank, which make him successful. The class who have really cause to complain of the great show at Islington are the stout ladies, who after this year are to be excluded from exhibition in that locality. The line "who owns fat oxen should himself be fat" was written sarcastically, but there seems to be a sympathy in adipose deposit: as soon as the visitor had done with the prize cattle, he felt impelled to pay his penny to see the fat-women shows that are always to be found in the same street. Now the vestry have given notice to the proprietors of these ladies that they will no longer be permitted to charm the bucolic public at this festive season. It seems hard measure, for it is surely the most appropriate time for such a display. Nobody wants to see a fat giantess in midsummer, nor would she be in what is technically termed such "prime condition." The edict, though not exactly one of those acts of tyranny which "turn the coward's heart to steel, the sluggard's blood to flame," appears particularly harsh, because directed solely against the fair sex. If the reader is exceptionally stout and a male, he can still turn an honest penny (for such is the price of admission) by exhibiting himself at Islington, but ladies are to be henceforth debarred that privilege.

Only once in this century, so far as I know, has any well-known English poet ventured, on the verge of eighty years, to publish, as Tennyson and Browning have done within these few days, a new volume of verse. It is a feat in itself almost unparalleled, a victory over the creeping paralysis of age of which poor humanity may well be proud; while the excellence of both works—scarcely deserving to be depreciated by that unpleasant word "considering"—makes it a double miracle. No one who loves poetry for its own sake thinks of instituting a comparison between these two great men, to whom we all are debtors; but there is a peculiar distinction between them, as evidenced in their later works, that seems to have escaped general notice. They both retained their imaginative powers (which, generally, are the first to leave us) to an unusually late period, but with a difference: they are both, in their latest productions, "the men they were," in one sense, but not in another. One writes as he always did—less powerfully indeed, but in the same plane of thought as half a century ago. It is the man we knew. His evening song is like that of the morning. The other, though in no pitiable sense, has "suffered change." He writes from a new standpoint—that of his present period of life. His work has not only that gravity of tone which belongs to maturity; he looks back upon his youth as though it belonged to another man, and lays his finger—as he thinks, though he may be mistaken—upon its flaws. Such introspection and its consequences may be more interesting to those who themselves are old than to younger readers, but it is very remarkable. Our English air is full of mourning for one of these two who have done their part to make England what she is—"a home of song, a hive of sweetest thoughts." Let us hope that Death will be content awhile, nor compel us to say of the other also, "Would he could have stayed with us!" or our sky will be dark indeed.

I do hope that the gentleman who proposes to kill a thousand pigeons with his rifle "at any gun club, in a single day," will not have his wager taken up. A battue of wild birds is bad enough, but a wholesale butchery of doves should be too strong for even the sporting stomach. It evidently does not enter the "shootist's" mind that he is proposing anything especially brutal, but it is to be feared that some of his patrons will be disposed to encourage him for other reasons than that of showing his skill. There is no doubt—partly from the slackness of justice in dealing with cases of cruelty, and partly from wealth having fallen into coarse and vulgar hands—that there is a tendency in certain circles to revert to the barbarism of our ancestors. In their case it was, indeed, less offensive, because they were barbarous without knowing it. Southey tells us of a butcher in a country town who had retired from business being asked by his friends whether he did not find time hang heavy on his hands. "No doubt I should do so," he said, "but once a week I always kill a lamb, just for amusement."

A man need not be a philanthropist to appreciate a wrong done to a country not his own. Russia may not be "Holy Russia" (at all events, spelt that way), and yet should not be held guilty of every crime. Barbarous she may be, and very deficient in ready money she undoubtedly is; she may always have an envious eye fixed on British India; her diplomacy may be the reverse of straightforward. Nothing, indeed, ever came from Russia, so far as I know, worth having, except caviar and the excellent fashion of having flowers on the dinner-table instead of the steaming haunch and the gory sirloin. But the charge that is now made against her of having invented the influenza is positively monstrous. It is amazing, indeed, how Englishmen dare to write it; they might as well say Russia invented raspberry and currant tart, a dish peculiar to this country, and superior (with cream) to any other in the wide wide world. Why, we English are born with the influenza; and, if a grown man has never

had it, he is a "Freak," and should be exhibited by Barnum. Since Napoleon Bonaparte was accused of filling "the butchers' shops with large blue flies," no such groundless accusation has surely been made. Russia may have caught the influenza (from us) and varied it a little, just as there is Russian patience and Russian backgammon, but the idea of her originating and exporting it for consumption (with which it is too often allied) is audacious indeed.

THE COURT.

The Hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg and Count Albert Mensdorff arrived at Windsor Castle on Dec. 12, leaving next day. General the Right Hon. Sir Henry and the Hon. Lady Ponsonby had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. On the 13th the Queen held a Council, at which were present Viscount Cranbrook (Lord President of the Council), the Earl of Coventry (Master of the Buckhounds), the Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie (President of the Local Government Board), and Sir William Hart Dyke (Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education). Lord Morris, Lord of Appeal, was sworn in a member of the Privy Council. Viscount Cranbrook had an audience of her Majesty. The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Prince George, arrived at Windsor Castle, on a visit to the Queen.—The 14th being the twenty-eighth anniversary of the death of Prince Albert, whose remains are interred at the Frogmore Mausoleum, the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Princess Beatrice, the Grand Duke of Hesse, and other members of the Royal family attended the memorial service annually held near the tomb of her Majesty's late Consort. The Dean of Windsor officiated, and the anthems and hymns were sung by the choir of St. George's Chapel. This was also the eleventh anniversary of the death of her Royal Highness Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, who died on Dec. 14, 1878. In the afternoon the Queen and the Princess of Wales drove out. The Bishop of Ripon arrived at the castle, and dined with the Queen. On Sunday morning, the 15th, her Majesty and the Royal family and the members of the Royal Household attended Divine service in the Private Chapel. The Bishop of Ripon, assisted by the Dean of Windsor, officiated, and the Bishop preached. Viscount Downe arrived at the castle. The Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, Princess Beatrice, and the Grand Duke of Hesse attended Divine service at St. George's Chapel in the afternoon. The Queen drove out in the afternoon, accompanied by the Grand Duke of Hesse, the Princess of Wales, and Princess Beatrice. Prince Christian and Prince Christian Victor and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein dined with her Majesty. Viscount Downe had the honour of being invited. On the 16th the Prince and Princess of Wales and Prince George of Wales left the castle. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh also left. After the Cabinet Council the Marquis of Salisbury and the Portuguese Minister (Senhor d'Antas) left town on a visit to the Queen, and had the honour of dining with her Majesty. Princess Beatrice went to the Albert Institute at Windsor, and on behalf of Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, who is at present in Germany, presented the medallions and certificates awarded to successful members of the local centre of St. John's Ambulance Association. On the 18th her Majesty left Windsor Castle for Osborne, accompanied by Princess Beatrice.

The Prince of Wales terminated his visit to Lord and Lady Brooke, at Easton Lodge, on December 13. After joining in a meet of the Essex Hounds, his Royal Highness, accompanied by his host and hostess, left for Dunmow, which was decorated in honour of his visit, and thence travelled by special train to London. Later in the day the Prince and Princess (who had arrived at Marlborough House from Sandringham on the previous day) went to Windsor Castle to take part in the annual service in memory of the late Prince Consort at Frogmore. On the 16th, the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Prince George, returned to Marlborough House from visiting the Queen at Windsor Castle, leaving in the afternoon for Luton Hoo; Luton, on a visit to the Danish Minister and Mdme. de Falbe.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh have left Clarence House for Coburg, in order to rejoin Prince Alfred, their only son, who is a Lieutenant in the Thuringian Cavalry, and their daughters.

Prince Christian, who was accompanied by Prince Christian Victor and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, left Cumberland Lodge on Dec. 16 for Germany, for the purpose of rejoining Princess Christian, who has been staying at Wiesbaden, and is understood to be improving in health.

Princess Louise, accompanied by the Marquis of Lorne, on Dec. 17 distributed the prizes and certificates to the successful students at the Home Counties Migratory Dairy School, Hampstead. The Lord Mayor occupied the chair. The Princess also, on behalf of the Local Committee, presented a silver brooch to each of the society's skilled travelling teachers, Miss Davey and Miss Amy Barron.

Princess Mary Adelaide and the Duke of Teck, with Princess Victoria and Prince Alexander of Teck, arrived at Hatfield House on Dec. 17, on a visit to the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury.

MRS. BERNARD-BEERE IN "LA TOSCA."

The accomplished dramatic critic on whom we rely for the weekly commentary on performances at "The Playhouses," in his discriminating review, published a fortnight ago, of the English version and representation of Sardou's terrible play—which was also described, and was made the subject of illustrations, when it was originally produced in Paris—has said what was needful. Mrs. Bernard-Beere, in whom he recognises an actress of "immense talent," gifted with marvellous physical vitality and superhuman strength, impetuous, fervid, irresistible, is admitted to have wrought an astonishing effect on the audience at the Garrick Theatre; but this critic does not think her performance equal to Sarah Bernhardt's in the faculties of imaginative sympathy and expression of feeling. We simply record upon the present occasion the judgment that he has passed, while offering to our readers, who may have seen the play and can form their own opinion, an illustration of her attitude, in the character of La Tosca, at one of the most impassioned moments. With an audience not disposed just now to tolerate "under-acting," Mrs. Bernard-Beere has achieved a notable public success.

The Lord Mayor opened the soup-kitchen for the Jewish poor at Spitalfields on Dec. 16, and next day he presided at the Dairy School, Hampstead. On the 18th, accompanied by the Sheriffs, he drove in State to Walthamstow to open the new building of the Monoux Grammar School. Sir George Monoux was Lord Mayor in the reign of Henry VIII., and had an estate at Walthamstow still known as "Moon's Farm."

APPOINTMENTS IN IRISH LAW COURTS.

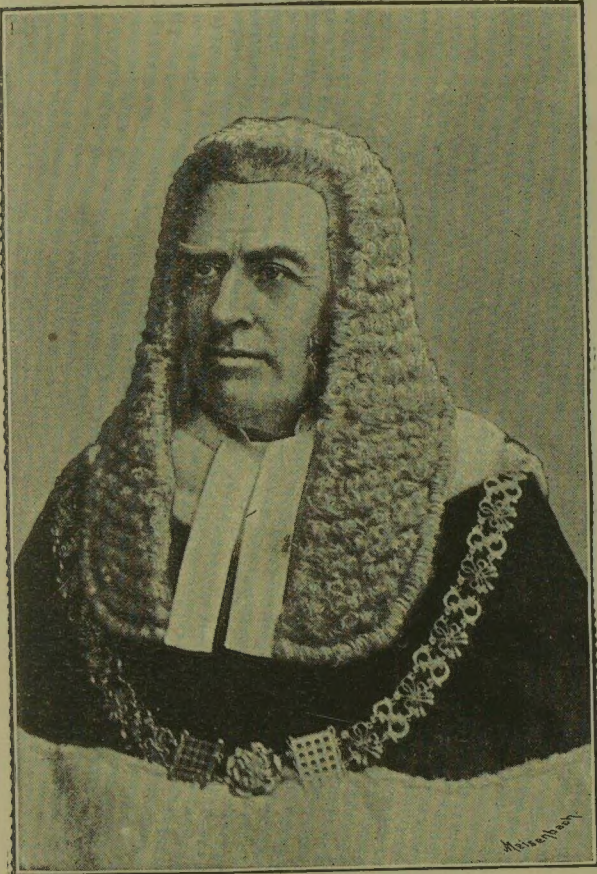
The Right Hon. Sir Michael Morris, Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, has been appointed Lord Justice of Appeal in Ordinary, in the place of the late Lord Fitzgerald, and has been created a Peer by the title of Baron Morris of Spiddal, in the county of Galway, with a seat in the House of Lords. Sir Michael Morris has presided as head of the Queen's Bench since 1887, having been appointed to the position vacated by the resignation of Chief Justice May. He was then transferred from the Chief Justiceship of the Common Pleas, which he had held since the death of Chief Justice Monahan in 1879, having previously been a Justice of the Court.

The Right Hon. Peter O'Brien, who was lately Attorney-General for Ireland, has been appointed Lord Chief Justice of Ireland. He is a nephew of the late Mr. Justice O'Brien and of Serjeant Murphy, M.P. for Cork, afterwards Commissioner in Bankruptcy, well known as a humourist in the literary society of London some years ago. Mr. O'Brien was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and was called to the Irish Bar in 1865. He obtained a large practice in the Munster Circuit and in the Superior Courts, was made Q.C. in 1880, became Crown Prosecutor in Dublin in 1881, and was promoted to the senior place in 1883, was appointed Third Serjeant in 1884, Solicitor-General in 1887, and Attorney-General a few months later.

Serjeant Madden, Q.C., M.P., who was Solicitor-General for Ireland, has now succeeded Mr. Peter O'Brien in the office of Attorney-General. He will be supported in the discharge of his duties as first law officer in the prosecution of criminals and general vindication of the law by Mr. John Atkinson, Q.C., the new Solicitor-General, who has been chief Crown Prosecutor in Dublin. The Portraits are from photographs by Mr. Chancellor of Dublin.

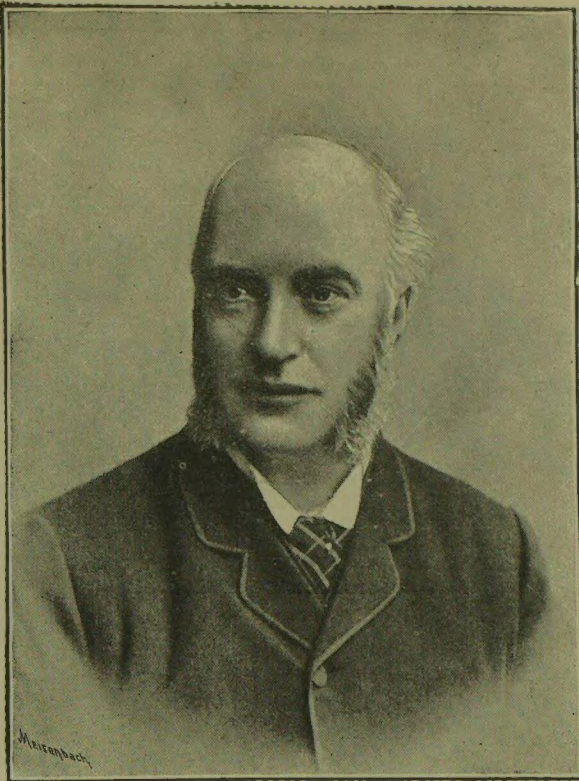
CHRISTMAS AT THE PLAY.

And what are we to see this Christmas at the play? naturally ask the children. Why, pantomime, of course; more pantomime than ever—pantomime in every direction, and from one end of London to the other. Christmas without pantomime would be as absurd and unnatural as Christmas without plum-pudding, mince-pies, or snapdragon. Alas! we shall miss the



THE NEW LORD JUSTICE OF APPEAL FOR IRELAND,
LORD MORRIS.

kindly face of dear old E. L. Blanchard in the stalls of Drury-Lane on Boxing Night. He has written his last pantomime, dear friend of the children that he was, and he rests in peace in his new-made grave, covered now with birthday flowers sent by those he loved. When we were all children he wrote pantomimes for us, told us the fairy stories and nursery-book legends, and now, for the first time these forty years past, the Drury-Lane Annual will be written by other hands. Augustus Harris and Harry Nicholls will take up the story where Blanchard left it, and amuse the little ones as he was wont to do. But if I happen to be at Old Drury on Boxing Night I shall see in some dim corner the gentle face, the nervous hands, and the white hair of my old friend, and feel somehow that his kindly spirit is hovering somewhere over us, and smiling a welcome as of old, when the curtain rises on the latest pantomime version of "Jack and the Beanstalk." Mr. Augustus Harris as usual promises us more wonders than ever. The dresses already displayed in the saloon to an admiring crowd are said to be more gorgeous than any ever before designed or executed, and already we hear wonderful accounts of the Shakespearean procession, which, though an old stage device, has been hit on as a novelty by both Augustus and Charles Harris, the two rival pantomime providers. What does it all matter? We cannot have too much of a good thing at Christmas time. At this special season of the year the more roast beef, plum-pudding, turkey, and mince-pie we consume, the happier and luckier we are said to be; so we can well enjoy two Shakespearean processions instead of one. The children can take "twice turkey," so why not a double dose of Shakespeare? I suppose that the various popular plays will be illustrated in tableau as the procession passes on. Our old friends Mr. Harry Nicholls and Mr. Herbert Campbell will be on the stage to chaff and laugh and sing comic duets and topical songs, and young Laurie will be some wonderful animal, and the Queens of Beauty will be headed by Harriet Vernon and Agnes Hewitt, the latter of whom has apparently deserted serious drama for fairy burlesque. Mr. George Conquest jun. comes to Old Drury from the Surrey, no doubt to play the giant, and no good pantomime would be complete without the funny Griffiths Brothers and the graceful Aeneas. The music will be safe and sure to be popular when it is known that Mr. Slaughter is in the

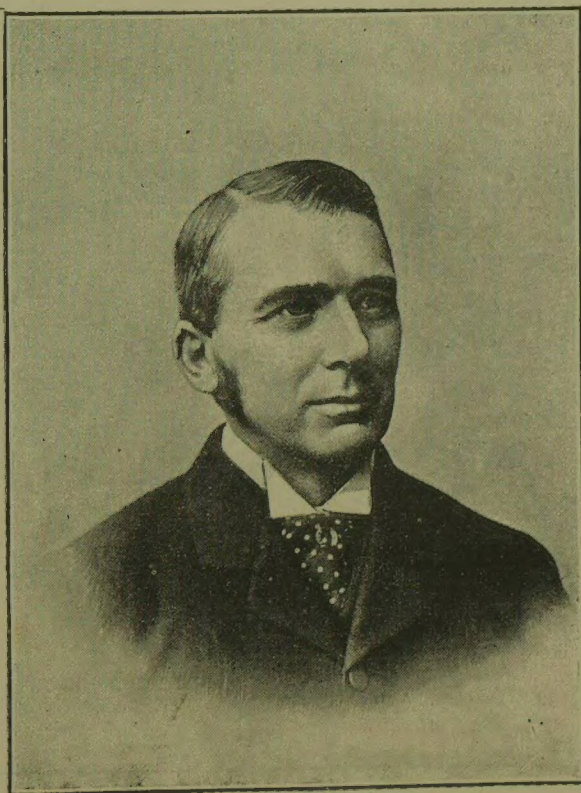


THE NEW LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF IRELAND,
MR. PETER O'BRIEN.

conductor's chair, and even the old-fashioned harlequinade will be endured for the sake of once more seeing our old favourite and the best of living clowns, Harry Payne.

At Her Majesty's Theatre, once more opened on Boxing Night for the purposes of pantomime, Mr. Charles Harris is determined to retrieve the ill fortunes of this splendid house. Richard-Henry, the comical and ever-ready burlesque writers, promise the very latest version of the children's favourite story "Cinderella," and it is to be told in a comical, hearty, old-fashioned way. Seeing that Mr. H. J. Leslie is at the head of affairs, the music will of course be a very special feature; and not only will Mr. Leslie write some of the popular songs, but he will be assisted by such celebrated musicians as Alfred Cellier, Edward Solomon—who conducts—Ivan Caryll, and Robert Martin, the genial Irishman. Unluckily, at the last moment, Violet Cameron—who, by the way, made her first success as a pantomime child at Old Drury—is unable to appear owing to ill-health, but her place has been taken by Miss Robina. Miss Minnie Palmer, the arch little actress and charming little singer, has been specially engaged for the part of Cinderella, and, according to all accounts, the pantomime in the Haymarket will be a clever amalgamation of all the best-known nursery stories, told in exactly the way that children enjoy—simply, directly, and intelligibly. The costumes and properties, designed by Lucien Besche, are said to be wonderful, and the zealous defenders of stage children have not been able to stop the children's scenes, to which Mr. J. D'Auban has devoted his particular attention.

Covent-Garden—once more under the direction of Mr. Freeman Thomas, who has secured the services of Augustus Harris to arrange and direct the children's Cinderella pantomime—will be devoted to a circus entertainment of the best possible kind. Those who were unable to go to Paris in the summer will here see the famous Lion on Horseback that was almost as much discussed as the famous Eiffel Tower. So extraordinary is the circus talent engaged for Covent-Garden, at an enormous expense, that the great Mr. Phineas Barnum himself will have to look to his laurels. But these attractions at the West do not exhaust by any means the Christmas entertainments of the year. At this season the East competes with the West, and parties are arranged at the club to go pantomime-hunting in different directions. Mr. Conquest, the pantomime king, will have something good to show us at the Surrey. Mr. Sanger defies all rivals at old Astley's. There will be pantomimes on a magnificent scale at the Grand at Islington and the Standard at Shoreditch. And all true lovers of pantomime will be certain to pay a visit to good-natured, hospitable Mrs. Sara Lane at the Britannia. C. S.

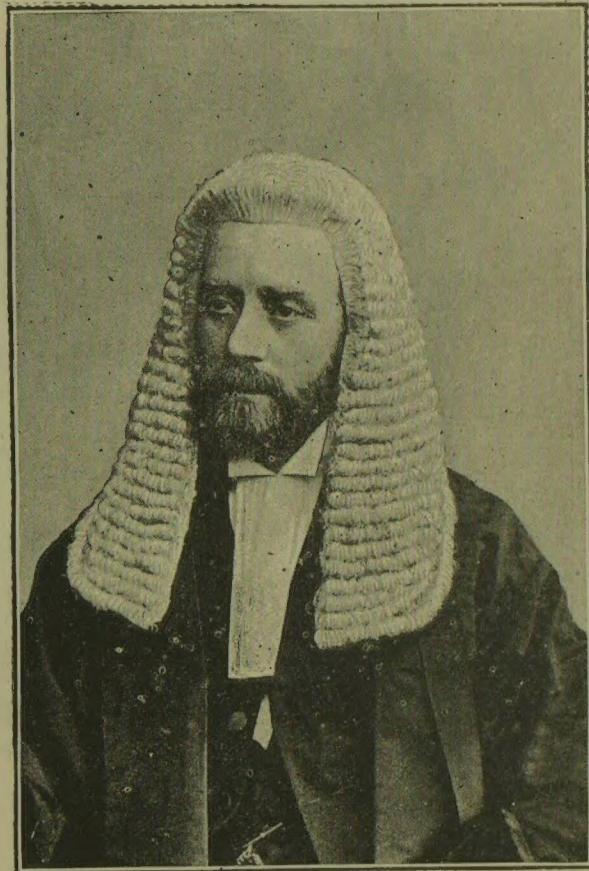


THE NEW ATTORNEY-GENERAL FOR IRELAND,
MR. SERJEANT MADDEN, Q.C., M.P.

THE GAS STRIKE IN SOUTH LONDON.

The South Metropolitan Gas Company, on Friday, Dec. 13, was deprived of the services of the two thousand men who have "struck" at the dictation of the Gasworkers' Union. But its directors, of whom Mr. George Livesey is chairman, having obtained the help of a nearly equal number of men from different parts of the country, who need only a few days' training, were enabled on the Friday, Saturday, and Monday to produce above two thirds of the quantity of gas daily that the former skilled hands could produce. Our Artist has made a few sketches of the work of gas-stokers, which has been thus explained in the *Daily Telegraph*—

"A retort-house consists of a store for coal, which is brought to the Old Kent-road by the Surrey Canal, two 'stages' for the handling of the fuel by the 'carbonising' men, and between these the rows of retorts. Seven retorts, similar to potters' kilns or bakers' ovens, are usually grouped around one furnace. They are twenty feet long, and are fed simultaneously from both ends. From each retort a pipe conducts the 'smoke,' or non-purified gas, into a general main for further treatment. The fireman has charge of eight furnaces during his eight hours. When the interior of the retorts glows ruddily with the heat, a gang on each side, consisting of three stokers, two barrow-men, and one coal-wheeler, set to work. The stokers are called respectively the 'scoop-driver,' the 'door-man,' and the 'slip-man.' A scoop is supposed to weigh 64 lb., but the men say it is often much heavier with the load of coal. They are not required to exercise their own judgment, but are directed by a foreman using a whistle to make signals. The scoop is 8 ft. 6 in. long, and has a handle at one end. The stokers shovel into it 1½ cwt. of small coal, and it is then lifted by them on a 'saddle' into the heated retort, the 'driver' meanwhile running forward and pushing it by means of the handle into the cavity. As the implement is turned over, the coal bursts into flame and the driver is within 2 ft. of it, sometimes getting 'licked' by the flare as he retires. The scoop is filled and thrust in twice in this manner, and the door-man then catches up the door of the retort which has been 'luted' and lodges it upon projecting arms, which hold it fast in place. He wears thick gloves, but burns are not uncommon. When the coal has been in the retort six hours, giving off yellow fumes, the time for

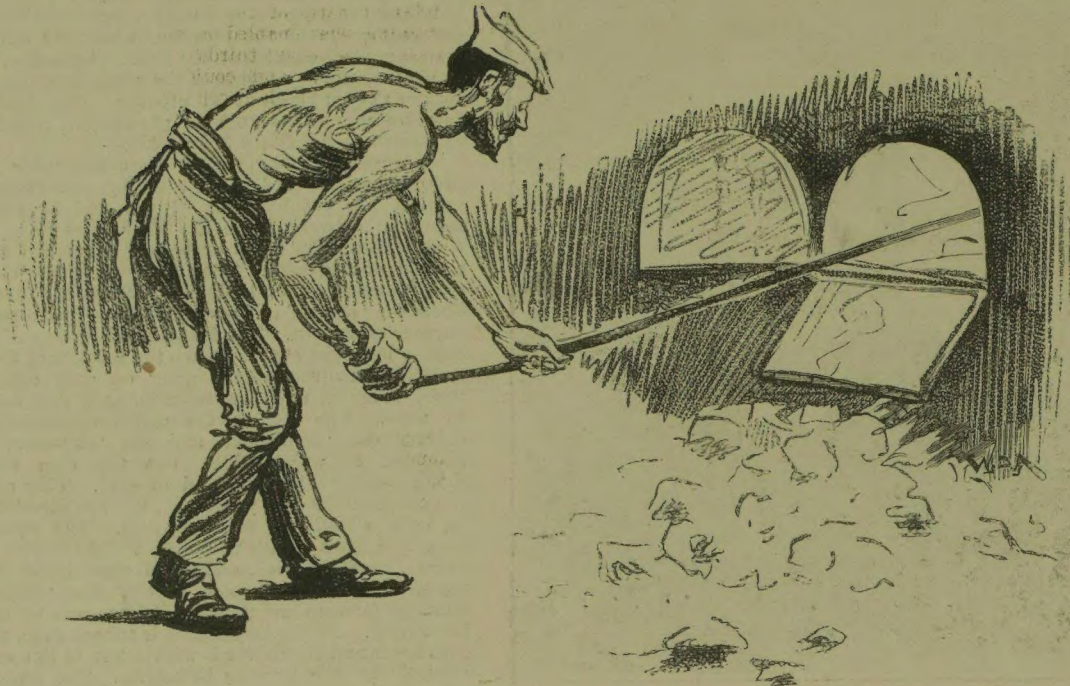


THE NEW SOLICITOR-GENERAL FOR IRELAND,
MR. JOHN ATKINSON, Q.C.

'drawing' arrives. Rakers, 13 ft. 6 in. in length, are employed, and the coke, which, directly the air is admitted, blazes fiercely, is raked direct into barrows, and trundled to the coke-heaps, where water is used to cool it, or it is cast on the floor of the stage, and is there quenched. Every eight hours, under the new system, the gang are required to charge and to draw eighty retorts, ten per hour. If they do this expeditiously they may get a quarter of an hour's leisure out of every hour, but in this time they have to get their meals, wash their working clothes, and do such odd jobs as 'luting' the retort-doors and getting ready the tools. When the compressed air labour-saving machine is used, as it is in some instances side by side with the hand-scoop, four stokers, five barrow-men, a door-cleaner, and a coal-wheeler or two are at work, their eight-hours shift extending to 'four forty-fours,' fifty-four of which retorts are charged with the hand-scoops and the rest by machine. The machine has attached to it a crusher, and is, with the exception of a little trimming, almost automatically fed, the labours of the men being very much lightened, while the operation of charging the retort is done quicker, a very important consideration in the manufacture of gas. It will be seen that these several processes require some knack as well as great muscular strength on the part of the worker, whose constitution must be inured to sudden changes of temperature, such as the barrow-men, more especially, feel when running with a load of red-hot coke from a retort-house."

Mr. John James Johnson, Q.C., formerly leader at the Parliamentary bar, has tendered his resignation of the office of Recorder of Chichester (which he has held for a quarter of a century), owing to ill-health.

The Earl of Zetland, the new Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, made his State entry into Dublin on Dec. 14. His welcome was cordial, and at College-green it was most enthusiastic. Several addresses were presented to the Viceroy, who, in reply, expressed a hope that in the coming year there would be a further increase in the material prosperity of Ireland, combined with a new growth of mutual goodwill between all classes. His Excellency was accompanied by the Countess. The new Lord Lieutenant attended Divine service on Sunday, the 15th, in St. Patrick's Cathedral.



DRAWING COKE.



PIPE-CLEANER.



SCOOP-DRIVER.



SCOOP-DRIVER.



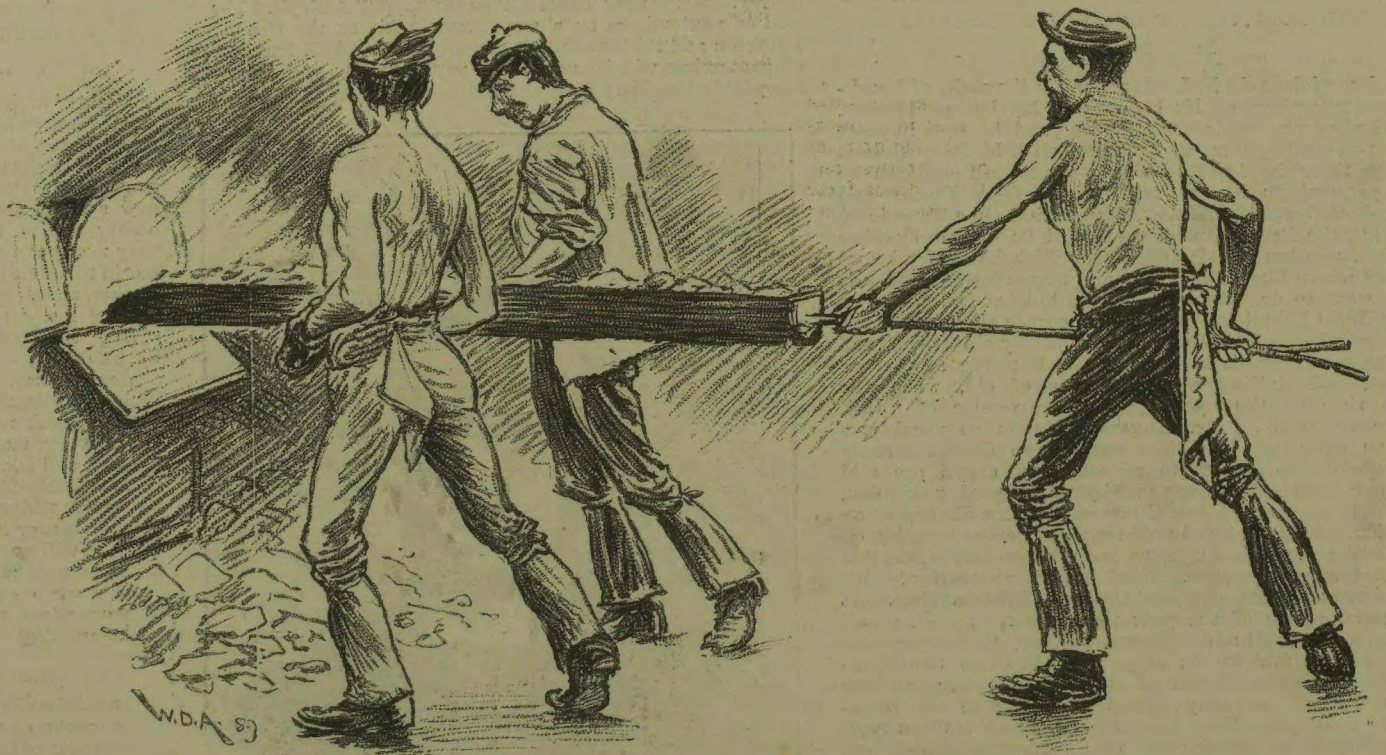
SCOOP-DRIVER.



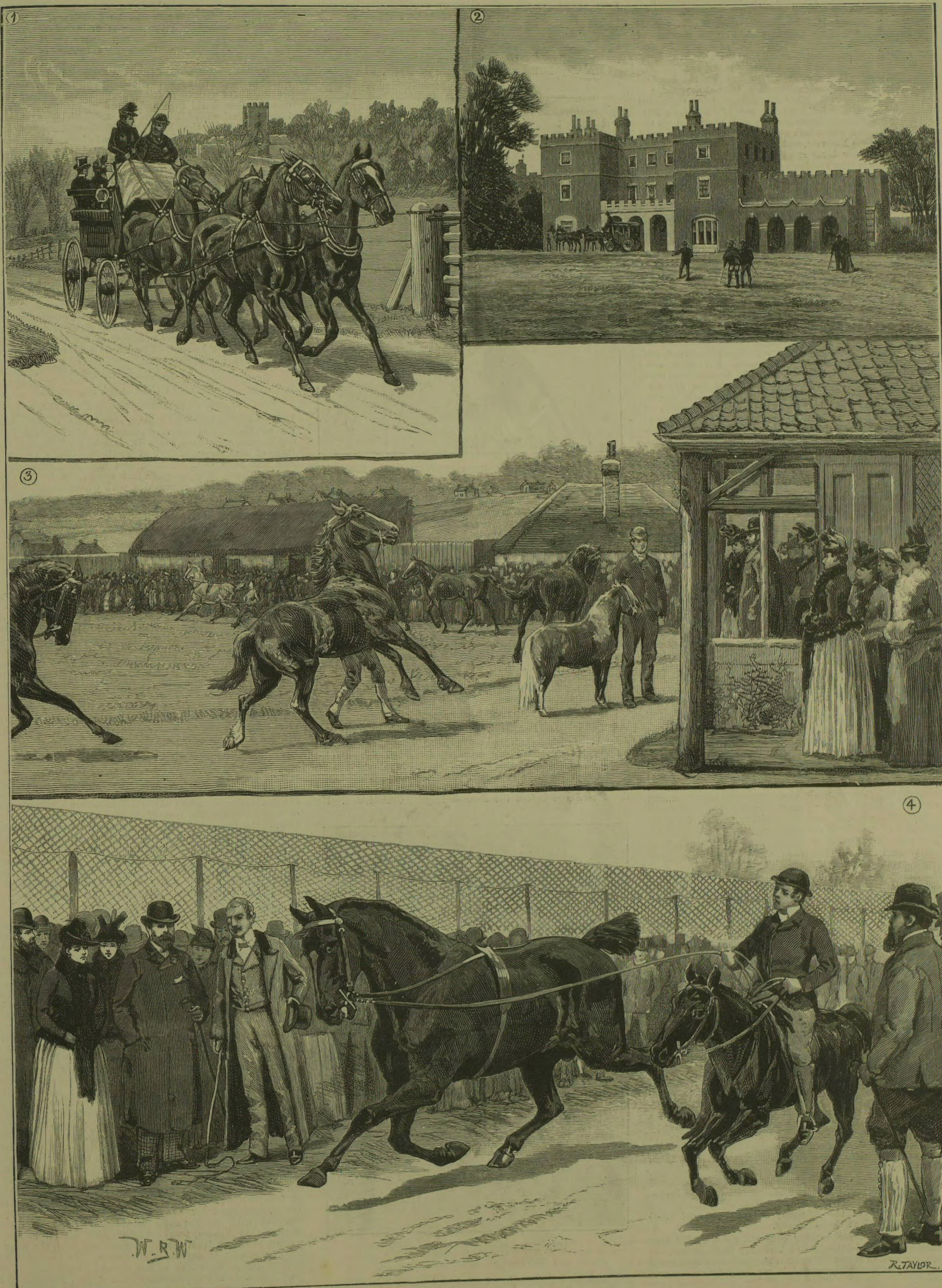
DOOR-MAN.



SCOOP-DRIVER.



CHARGING A RETORT.



1. Arrival of his Royal Highness with Lord Brooke at the Paddock.
2. Elsenham Hall, the Seat of Mr. Walter Gilbey.

3. In the Paddock: "The Smallest Pony in England."
4. Trotting Hackney Stallions before the Prince and Lord Brooke.

THE PRINCE OF WALES INSPECTING MR. WALTER GILBEY'S STUD OF SHIRE HORSES AT ELSENHAM HALL, ESSEX.

MUSIC.

Already there are signs of the temporary subsidence of London musical activity in favour of those public attractions which prevail at this season of the year. The lull in musical matters will, however, be less and briefer than in former years, there being but little interval between the latest performances of 1889 and the earliest of 1890.

The first portion of the thirty-fourth series of the Crystal Palace Saturday Afternoon Concerts closed with the last of this year's performances on Dec. 14, and brought forward a new dramatic cantata, entitled "St. John's Eve," composed by Mr. Cowen, to a libretto written by Mr. Joseph Bennett. The author styles his book "An Old English Idyll," and his design has been to produce a series of scenes of old English village life, associated with the legend connected with the eve of St. John's Day. The story turns upon the choosing by a village maiden, on the eve of St. John, of a rose which she is to retain unfaded until the feast of Christ's Nativity, and if the flower remains fresh it is a sign that her lover remains true. The rustic Robert, however, is not to the maiden's liking, but the young Squire is; and, by means of the substitution of a fresh rose for the genuine faded flower, the preferred lover triumphs over the other suitor. The author's purpose has been well realised in offering effective opportunities for a series of musical pieces for chorus and solo voices, in which Mr. Cowen has availed himself of the suggestions afforded by the librettist, the music being attractive in its melodious, expressive grace, its moderate executive requirements in its orchestral and vocal details rendering it peculiarly suited for amateur circles. Several of the solo pieces will doubtless be largely in request, among them being Margaret's scena in the first part; Nancy's air in the garden; the tenor serenade, "O Zephyr," in the second scene; and the love-duet in the last part. The choral writing, too, is generally very effective, particularly the opening chorus, the following movement for female chorus, the bonfire chorus, the Christmas Carol (with solo passages), and the finale to the work. The soloists in the cantata were Misses Macintyre and H. Wilson, Mr. E. Lloyd and Mr. P. Greene. Mr. Cowen conducted the performance, and he and his composition were enthusiastically received. The programme of the day also included a short characteristic piece (for baritone, solo, chorus, and orchestra) entitled "Landkjending," the composition of Edvard Grieg. The Promenade Concerts given at the Crystal Palace on Thursday and Saturday evenings have proved welcome attractions to the populous surrounding neighbourhood, and will doubtless continue to be so.

The Monday and Saturday Popular Concerts, at St. James's Hall, are on the point of being suspended, as usual, until early in the new year; the last Monday evening concert of 1889 taking place on Dec. 23, and the Saturday afternoon performances closing (temporarily) on Dec. 21. The two preceding concerts (Dec. 14 and 16) consisted of more or less familiar music. Madame Néruda was again the leading violinist, as during the previous concerts of the season, and Miss Fanny Davies was the pianist; the vocalists having been Mlle. Janson on the earlier date, and Miss L. Lehmann on the other occasion.

The third of the new series of Mr. Henschel's London Symphony Concerts at St. James's Hall (on Dec. 12) did not offer any absolute novelty. It is to be hoped, indeed, that there may be a reaction from the craving that seems to have prevailed, for some years past, for the production of new compositions, the majority of which are not worthy even of one hearing, and the number of which that find their way into our concert programmes serve to exclude many fine works of the past that have long been ignored. If Mr. Henschel will bring forward these (of which there is a large choice), he will do a service to genuine art, although, perhaps, at the cost of disappointing some of the aspiring mediocrities of the day. The programme of the concert now referred to included a work belonging to a long-past period. The "Notturmo-Serenade," composed by Mozart about 1777, for four small orchestras, was chiefly interesting as an early specimen of the master, in which there is much of that genial melody that belongs to all his music, although the work referred to has, of course, not the power and distinct individuality of his later productions. Beethoven's fourth symphony, the love-scene from Berlioz's "Roméo et Juliette," the "Trauer-Marsch" from Wagner's "Die Götterdämmerung," and the "Walkürenritt" from his "Die Walküre," completed the concert.

That estimable pianist M. Henri Logé gave a matinée on Dec. 18, when his own performances and songs of his composition were special features of his programme.

The latest public display of the students of the Royal Academy of Music was an orchestral concert at St. James's Hall, at which the performance of the band in a symphony by Haydn was highly commendable. In the shape of composition, much promise was shown by Miss M. Toulmin in a Christmas carol for solo voices, chorus, and orchestra. Misses A. Horrocks and M. Wilson gave special signs of good tuition and earnest study by their pianoforte-playing; and Mrs. Bethell and Messrs. Edwards and Morton did credit to the institution by their vocal performances. Dr. Mackenzie, Principal of the Academy, conducted.

The latest of Mr. John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts at St. James's Hall (on Dec. 18) included several vocal pieces, the style of which was in accordance with the serious aspect of the approaching season, the occasion having been announced as a "Christmas Ballad Concert." As usual, several eminent artists contributed to the programme.

The last of the concerts given by the Musical Guild at Kensington brought forward a cleverly written string quartet, composed by Mr. C. Wood, which will probably be heard elsewhere before long. Other performances, vocal and instrumental, proved that this association is doing good work in its locality.—Simultaneously with the performance just referred to, the Stock Exchange Orchestral Society was proving, at St. James's Hall, that it has made great progress since its institution. The male voice choir associated with it is an agreeable feature.

The students of the Hyde Park Academy of Music—directed by Mrs. Trickett (sister of the late Madame Sainton-Dolby)—gave a Christmas concert at Steinway Hall on Dec. 12, when several pupils proved the efficiency of the course of vocal instruction pursued at the Academy.

The last of the three evening concerts given by Mr. Max Heinrich and Mr. Schönberger (at Steinway Hall, on Dec. 17) was appropriated to music by Brahms, the previous programmes having been, respectively, devoted to music by Schumann and Schubert.

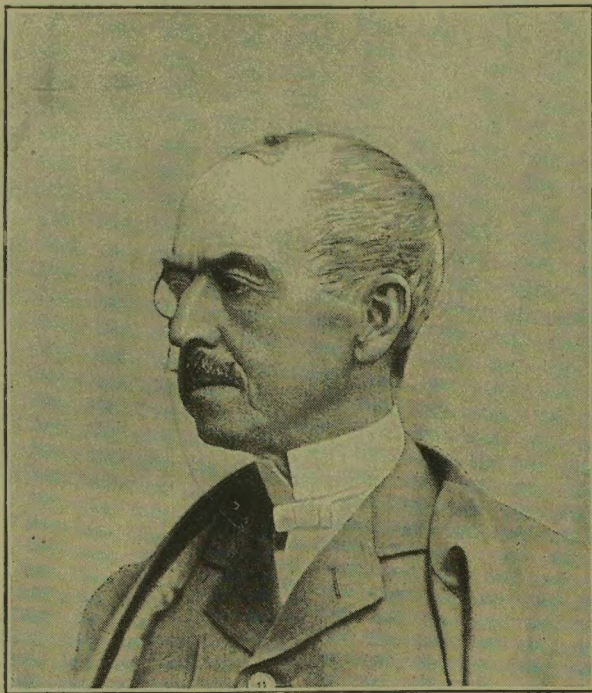
Want of space prevents due mention of some recent concerts which deserved notice.

The solemn aspect of Christmas will receive musical celebration in various quarters, among the earliest being the performance of the "Messiah" at St. James's Hall on Dec. 20, with efficient solo singers, a full orchestra, and the excellent chorus of the South London Choral Association.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND MR. WALTER GILBEY.

Mr. Walter Gilbey, whose name is widely known in connection with a great business establishment, maintains at his country seat, Elsenham Hall, Essex, a leading position in some of the most useful pursuits of a country gentleman, as an enterprising and successful breeder of improved live stock, for which he has won many high prizes, and especially in fostering the developments of valuable breeds of horses—not only hunters, but those serviceable for heavy draught. He takes an active part in the direction of the annual shows.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who likewise



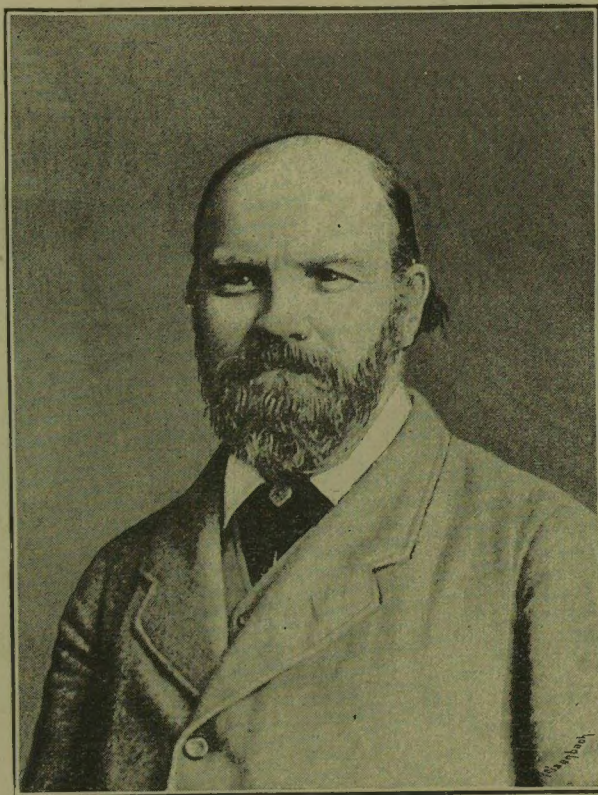
MR. WALTER GILBEY, OF ELSENHAM HALL, ESSEX.

bestows much attention on matters of this kind at Sandringham, was staying on a visit to Lord and Lady Brooke at Easton Lodge, Dunmow; and on Wednesday, Dec. 11, with his host and hostess and their other guests, the Prince drove over to Elsenham Hall from Easton Lodge, and inspected Mr. Walter Gilbey's stud. The Royal party included the Hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe, Lord Calthorpe, Lord and Lady Brooke, Viscount and Viscountess Curzon, Lord Randolph Churchill, Lord and Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, Lady Dorothy Nevill, Lord Loughborough, Baron Hirsch, Sir Henry and Lady Selwin-Ibbetson, Colonel Arthur Paget, Sir Dighton Probyn, Hon. H. Tyrwhitt-Wilson, Mr. Adrian de Murrieta, and Mr. Henry Calcraft. On arriving at the paddocks the thoroughbred, shire, and hackney horses were paraded. The party afterwards lunched at Elsenham Hall with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Gilbey and family. His Royal Highness, who expressed himself highly pleased with his visit, subsequently drove back to Easton Lodge.

Our Portrait of Mr. Walter Gilbey is from a photograph by Messrs. Dickinson and Foster, of New Bond-street.

THE LATE MR. J. C. MACDONALD.

After a long illness, at his residence near Croydon, the well-known and able executive manager of the *Times* newspaper, Mr. John Cameron Macdonald, died on Dec. 7, at the age of sixty-seven. His strength had, perhaps, been severely taxed by the extra labours attending the preparation and conduct of the *Times*' case before the Parnell Inquiry Commission. He



THE LATE MR. J. C. MACDONALD, MANAGER OF THE "TIMES."

was a Scottish Highlander of Glencoe, born at Fort William, in June 1822. His father was factor or agent for Lord Abinger's estates in that district. Lord Abinger, when Sir James Scarlett, had been legal adviser to the *Times*. Mr. Macdonald came to London before he had completed his twentieth year, was immediately attached to the reporting staff, and employed also in descriptive work. The Andover Poor Law Inquiry, in which the late Mr. Walter took much interest, was reported by Mr. Macdonald in 1845, and in 1848 he wrote a series of letters from Ireland describing the

results of the famine and the Young Ireland movement. His articles on the Great Exhibition of 1851, describing its contents, its organisation, and its progress, made him acquainted with Sir Joseph Paxton, who afterwards appointed him executor to his will. A similar mark of confidence was bestowed upon him by Mr. William Penn, the marine engineer, with whom, as well as with Sir Joseph Whitworth, his turn for mechanics brought him into relations. At the outbreak of the Crimean War he accompanied, as the representative of the *Times*, the Prince Consort on his visit to the Emperor and Empress of the French at Boulogne. When the sufferings of the British army at the seat of war during the winter of 1854-5 came to be known at home, a relief fund for the sick and wounded was raised through the agency of the *Times*, and Mr. Macdonald was entrusted with its distribution. In the discharge of this task his thoughtful care and sound practical judgment won him the gratitude of thousands of our suffering soldiers. On his return from the East, Mr. Macdonald was appointed manager of the printing establishment of the *Times*, abandoning the literary part of journalism. He devoted himself to the improvement of the mechanical working of the business, with the inventions and improvements which were crowned with complete success when, after years of experimental efforts, the *Times* was printed by the "Walter Press." The process of printing from stereotype plates was brought to perfection about 1860, and Mr. Macdonald and his associates then turned to the next problem—that of printing from the stereotype plates on continuous rolls of paper. In 1862 this experiment was taken in hand with a resolute determination to succeed. A machine-shop was set up in the office, and by the inventive skill of Mr. Calverley, the chief engineer, the victory over endless difficulties in matters of detail was won by slow degrees; so that, in 1866, the first of the "Walter Presses" was set to work, and by the end of 1869 their adoption in that office was an accomplished fact. On the retirement of Mr. Mowbray Morris, Mr. Macdonald became the manager of the *Times*, and the value of his services is fully acknowledged in the memoir that has appeared in that journal. The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. A. H. Fry of Brighton.

OBITUARY.

LADY CHARLOTTE BARBARA LYSER.

Lady Charlotte Barbara Lyster, widow of Mr. Henry Lyster of Rowton Castle, and youngest daughter of the sixth Earl of Shaftesbury, by Anne, his wife, daughter of George, fourth Duke of Marlborough, died at Tunbridge Wells on Dec. 11. She was born Oct. 13, 1799, and had just completed her ninetieth year. Her marriage took place in 1824. The Lysters of Rowton Castle, in Shropshire, with whom she thus became allied, were a family of great antiquity and county importance, and were seated at Rowton Castle so far back as 1451. At the death of her husband, in 1863, Rowton Castle devolved on Lady Charlotte, and by her settlement passed to her nephew, Mr. Montagu Corry, who was created, in Lord Beaconsfield's Administration, a Peer as Baron Rowton. Lady Charlotte resided latterly at Tunbridge Wells.

THE RIGHT HON. E. PLEYDELL-BOUVERIE.

The Right Hon. Edward Pleydell-Bouverie died at his town residence, 44, Wilton-crescent, on Dec. 16. Mr. Bouverie was born in 1818; he was the second son of the third Earl of Radnor, and uncle of the present Earl. He was educated at Harrow and at Trinity College, Cambridge, and was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple, 1843. Mr. Bouverie represented the Kilmarnock Burghs in the Liberal interest from 1844 to 1874, when he was defeated, as he was also at Liskeard in 1880. Mr. Bouverie was Under-Secretary for the Home Department from 1850 to 1852; Chairman of Committees of the House of Commons, 1853-5; Vice-President of the Board of Trade, 1855; President of the Poor Law Board, 1855-8. He married Elizabeth, daughter of the late General Balfour of Balbirnie, and has one son living.

MAJOR GENERAL ALURED CLARKE JOHNSON.

Major-General Alured Clarke Johnson, C.B., R.A., died on Dec. 9, aged fifty-seven. He was eighth son of Sir Henry Allen Johnson, Bart., A.D.C. to the Prince of Orange during the Peninsular War, by Charlotte Elizabeth, his wife, daughter of Mr. Frederick Philipse of Philipsebury, New York. He entered the Royal Artillery in 1850, and became Lieutenant in 1852. After serving in the Crimea, and being present at the siege of Sebastopol, he attained the rank of captain, and as such took his part in the Indian Mutiny. He was present at the action of Ahmed Khal, and commanded the Royal Artillery to the relief of Candahar. In recognition of his services, he was granted the decoration of C.B.

MR. ROBERT BROWNING.

The death of this gentleman, one of the most renowned of English poets, took place on Thursday, Dec. 12, at the Palazzo Rezzonico, Venice, where he was visiting his son, Mr. Robert Barrett Browning, the artist. He was seventy-seven years of age, having been born in 1812, at Camberwell, the son of one of the chief clerks in the Bank of England. Having been educated at the London University, he early devoted himself to poetry, and in 1835 published his first known work, "Pauline," which was followed next year by "Paracelsus." An historical play, "Strafford," was performed by Macready at Covent Garden Theatre in 1837. "Sordello," a narrative poem of the life of a romantic personage in Lombardy in the thirteenth century, appeared in 1840; and "Pippa Passes," a year or two later. In 1846 Mr. Browning married Miss Elizabeth Barrett, a poetess of highly lyrical genius, and they lived at Casa Guidi, Florence, till her death in 1861. Mr. Browning's works are numerous, the shorter pieces forming sundry collections, entitled "Bells and Pomegranates," "Dramatic Romances," "Dramatic Idylls and Lyrics," "Men and Women," and "Dramatis Personae," which include many of his best. In 1868 and 1869 he produced "The Ring and the Book," unquestionably his greatest work; but eight or nine small volumes have since been written and printed, dealing with a variety of topics in a style that has not won the approval of some literary critics. He has usually resided in London since he became a widower, and was held in high social esteem. The arrangement for his burial in Westminster Abbey is regarded with much public satisfaction; but the funeral ceremony at Venice was attended with special tokens of respect, messages from Queen Victoria and from the King of Italy being sent to express their regret. We present a Portrait of Robert Browning as the Special Supplement to this week's Number of our Journal, with a critical estimate of his genius.

In the obituary notice of Lord Carbery, given in our last issue, there was, we regret to state, an error with respect to the marriage of his successor, the present holder of the title, which we hasten to set right. The Hon. William Charles Evans-Freke, now the eighth Baron Carbery, was married to Lady Victoria Cecil, youngest daughter of the second Marquis of Exeter, on Dec. 15, 1866, by which marriage there are three sons.

TENNYSON'S NEW POEMS.

It is remarkable that now, at the same time with the last of Robert Browning's multitudinous, unequal, often capricious and inharmonious poetical writings, and just when the almost sudden death of that powerful thinker and learned student of humanity calls for a due estimate of his great intellectual worth, Tennyson also, his octogenarian contemporary and survivor, produces a volume which we hope may not be his last. "Demeter, and other Poems," published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., will be received with the more gratification, as bestowed by the only still living English author whose genius for poetry is reputed equal, or some may think superior, to that of Browning, and who is an incomparably better literary artist in all points of style and form. Lord Tennyson, indeed, stands with respect to the last-mentioned qualities almost higher than any other English poet of modern times. "Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit" is the safe judgment of criticism on his manipulation of every theme which can be treated in lyrics, idylls, tales, or meditative reflections. His fine perception of the harmonies of sentiment, of the associations of ideas, of the proportions of each subject of thought, and of those subtle qualities, in words and phrases, which may be metaphorically termed their shading, their colour, and even their odour, has never been excelled. With the purest diction he uses the purest English idioms, which, unfortunately, was not one of Browning's merits; and his versification, though now and then attempting some experimental novelty with little success, is always true verbal music. On the other hand, we should say that Browning's imaginative insight was more penetrating, and his grasp of the ethical problems of life even more compelling, than that of the author of "Guinevere" and "In Memoriam." It is well for this age to have had two such poets, who not only have "uttered nothing base," but have taught the noblest moral truths by such examples as genius alone creates.

Lord Tennyson shows no sign of failing powers in the twenty-three pieces that fill this little book. In the dedication of it to his friend Lord Dufferin, late Viceroy of India, the first stanza presents a majestic personification of Imperial Britain. The lamented death of Mr. Lionel Tennyson, with the kindness of Lord and Lady Dufferin to him when ill at Calcutta, is touchingly remembered. The poem of "Demeter and Persephone," whose names may, in another form, Ceres and Proserpine, be familiar to some readers, is dedicated to Professor Jebb. It is, in tone and style, a worthy companion piece to rank with the "Æneid," "Tithonus," and "Ulysses," heroic idylls of the Hellenic mythology that satisfy the finest classic taste. But we find the strongest proof of the venerable author's undiminished force and poetic skill in the brief outburst of philosophical and religious meditation entitled "Vastness." This consists of eighteen rhyme-couplets, or two-lined stanzas, of the dactylic (mixed with trochees and iambs) octometer lines, which both Tennyson and Swinburne have in their mastery, and the metrical effect is highly imposing. Far more to be admired, however, are the energy, the exactness, the decisiveness of the few plain words chosen in each of a wide collection of instances to depict the vices, faults, errors, and miseries existing in the present condition of mankind, especially in our social civilisation. We hope, trust, and believe that the actual state of the world is not so bad as Lord Tennyson considers it to be. Whether or not it be so, there is no treason to our more cheerful creed in pronouncing "Vastness" a grander poetical performance, of its kind, than either "Locksley Hall" or "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After." Next in merit, and of most pathetic interest, is "Happy—the Leper's Bride," written in quatrains of an elegiac structure. A long prose note explains that the subject is taken from the rule and usage of the Church in the Middle Ages with regard to the solemn putting away of lepers, whose wives, if they chose, were allowed to rejoin them. In this poem, which is strongly expressive of consummate womanly fidelity and tenderness, a lady approaching and addressing her afflicted husband, who was a German Knight and had fought in the Crusades, insists on living with him to comfort him, though sure herself to contract the fatal disease. Of the other pieces we can only mention "Owd Roã" (old dog Rover), one of the "Northern Farmer" humorous portraits; "The Ring," a weird ghost story; and one founded upon the anecdote of Romney the painter, having deserted his wife many years, being nursed by her in his sickly and feeble old age.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

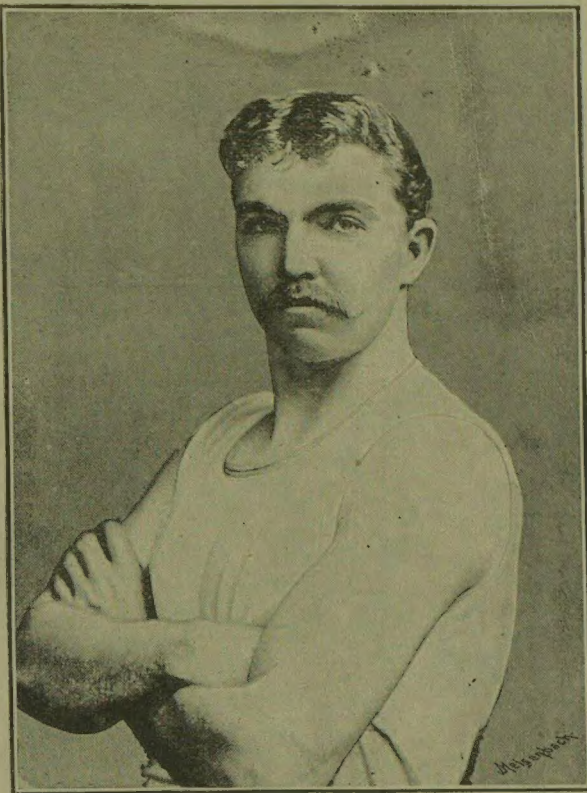
At St. Peter's Church, Earley, Berks, on Dec. 12, the marriage took place of Captain G. Limbrey Selater-Booth, 1st (Royal) Dragoons, eldest son of Lord Basing, and Miss Mary Hargreaves, second daughter of Colonel and Mrs. John Hargreaves of Broad Oak, Accrington. Colonel Hargreaves gave his daughter away, and Mr. Charles L. Selater-Booth, brother of the bridegroom, was best man. The bride wore a dress of ivory-white duchesse satin, and Court train, the bodice and front of the dress being elaborately embroidered in pearls. Diamond stars fastened her veil, with aigrette of natural orange-blossoms. Eight bridesmaids were present—Misses Lydia and Eleanor Selater-Booth, sisters of the bridegroom; Misses L. and V. Hargreaves, sisters of the bride; Miss Ella Hargreaves, Miss Ethel Spiller, Miss Lilian Murdoch, and Miss Marion Rickman. They wore pale-blue cloth dresses, with Zouave jackets, braided in gold, and loose silk fronts and sashes. Blue ribbons and white wings ornamented their fancy straw hats.

The marriage of Mr. Claud Alexander, only son of Major-General Sir Claud Alexander, Bart., with Lady Diana Montgomerie, youngest daughter of the Earl of Eglinton and Winton, was solemnised by special license, in Holy Trinity Church, Knightsbridge, on Dec. 14. Lady Gertrude Montgomerie (sister of the bride) and Miss E. M. Alexander (cousin of the bridegroom) were the bridesmaids, and Mr. Henry Houldsworth attended as best man.

The marriage of Viscount Dangan, only son of Earl Cowley, with Lady Violet Nevill, youngest daughter of the Marquis of Abergavenny, took place on Dec. 17 in St. George's Church, Hanover-square.

THE CHAMPION SCULLER.

The death of Henry Ernest Searle, the Australian oarsman, on Dec. 11, is regretted by admirers of aquatic prowess. Searle was a native of Grafton, Clarence River, New South Wales, and was born in 1866. He very early took to sculling, and won several important matches. In a race against Stansbury on July 13, 1888, Searle won, and broke all previous records in



THE LATE H. E. SEARLE, OF AUSTRALIA,
CHAMPION SCULLER OF THE WORLD.

any race over the Parramatta champion course, the time being 19 min. 53½ sec. Shortly afterwards he beat Neilson easily. He then challenged Hanlan, but the latter would not accept, and Searle next met Peter Kemp for the championship of the world on Oct. 27, 1888, winning easily in 22 min. 44½ sec. Hanlan then made a match on behalf of Teemer for £500 and the championship, and £100 was deposited, but Teemer failed to come out, and the money was forfeited. Searle paid a visit to England in 1889, and went into training at Clasper's, Putney, to scull against O'Connor for the sculling championship of the world and some thousand pounds. The contest came off on the Thames on Sept. 10, and resulted in an easy win for Searle by ten lengths. Our Portrait of the champion sculler is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

AUSTRALIAN SILVER WEDDING GIFT.

The gift of the Colony of Victoria to the Prince and Princess of Wales on the celebration of their silver wedding consists of two flagons and a cup, which have been manufactured by Messrs. Kilpatrick and Co., of Collins-street, Melbourne, the same firm who made the bridal gift presented by the ladies of Victoria twenty-five years ago. They employed the skill of Mr. James Holt to do the *repoussé* work, and Mr. Henry Simkin for the silversmith's work. The design, which is that of Mr. Charles A. Irwin, was selected from fifteen designs in



SILVER WEDDING GIFT TO THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES FROM THE COLONY OF VICTORIA.

competition. The flagons and cup are composed of seventy ounces of gold, eighteen carats fine, and 117 ounces of standard silver, except the handles, which are of pure silver. Our illustration shows the character of the design. Its idea was to express goodwill, in the Saxon "wæs hæl," and "drink hæl" on the cup; and to typify the progress of the colony from the past to the present by a symbolical treatment; the one flagon bearing devices of aborigines engaged in hunting and other occupations, the other flagon showing the contrast of energy and enterprise in the colonists, in pastoral, mining, and other industries. The handles are large black lizards, inlaid with Queensland opals. The lids and mouths of the flagons are of birds and snakes in deadly combat. The enamel and precious stones give pleasing effects of colour.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR IN INDIA.

It is well that Prince Albert Victor Edward of Wales, who may possibly, but we hope, many years hence, be King Albert Victor, or King Edward VII., and thereby Emperor of India, should now become personally acquainted with the great Asiatic Empire under British administration; and that he should also visit the Indian Native States, of which Hyderabad, in the Deccan, is the most important, ruled by Princes who are the loyal and friendly allies of the British Empire.

Hyderabad, with territories extending about 475 miles from east to west and from north to south, in the middle of Peninsular India, between the Bombay and Madras Presidencies, and bounded to the north-east by the Godavery, to the south by the Krishna River, has a population of ten millions, exclusive of Berar, who are ruled by the Nizam, their hereditary Mohammedan Prince, with able and enlightened Ministers. The Nizam, retaining the internal administration of government, which has during the past thirty years been effectually reformed, yields all foreign policy to the control of the British Empire, and has voluntarily made a noble contribution to the cost of its military defences.

Prince Albert Victor arrived at Hyderabad by railway from Poonah, in the Bombay Presidency, on Nov. 16, using the Nizam's superb suite of railway carriages sent to Poonah for his accommodation. His Royal Highness was met at the Hyderabad railway station by the Nizam, with his Ministers of State and chief officials, and was escorted to the Bashir-i-Bagh, a house belonging to Sir Asman Jah, the Nizam's Prime Minister, which had been fitted up and furnished for the Prince. The Nizam, with the highest nobles and official personages of Hyderabad, here called on his Royal Highness, who returned their visits in the afternoon. There was a ceremonial reception at the Chow Mahal Palace, and a *Duibar* was held in another grand hall, which is adorned with a fine life-size portrait of Queen Victoria. At night there was a ball at the British Residency, to which all the Europeans in Hyderabad were invited; the Nizam was at the ball.

On the next day Prince Albert Victor was taken out early to see antelope-hunting with tamed cheetahs; he was entertained with a grand breakfast at the Minister's city palace, and went out shooting in the forenoon. In the evening the Nizam gave a magnificent banquet in honour of the Prince to about three hundred guests.

The third day, being Sunday, was kept rather quiet; but his Royal Highness dined with the officers of the 7th Hussars in the British military cantonments at Secunderabad, which he left by train for Madras about midnight. The city of Hyderabad was splendidly illuminated at night.

We are indebted to Mr. E. H. Dwane, Assistant Auditor to the Nizam's Guaranteed State Railway Company, for the Sketches of the scenes and proceedings at Hyderabad.

Among later news from India we learn that Prince Albert Victor, after visiting Trichinopoly, in the south, returned on Dec. 12 to Madras. The city was brilliantly illuminated, and a native fête was held at night. His Royal Highness has left Madras for Rangoon.

FOREIGN NEWS.

M. Constans asked the new French Chamber on Dec. 14 to vote 1,600,000 f. for secret-service money, saying that Ministers would resign if the Credit Bill was not accepted without any modification. It was voted by a large majority.

A Reuter's telegram from Berne says that the State Council has agreed to the vote of 17,500,000 f. voted by the National Council for the purchase of new rifles and ammunition for the Swiss Army.

The Emperor of Germany went out shooting twice on Dec. 16 at Neugattersleben. There was a gala dinner at six, after which the Emperor returned to Potsdam.

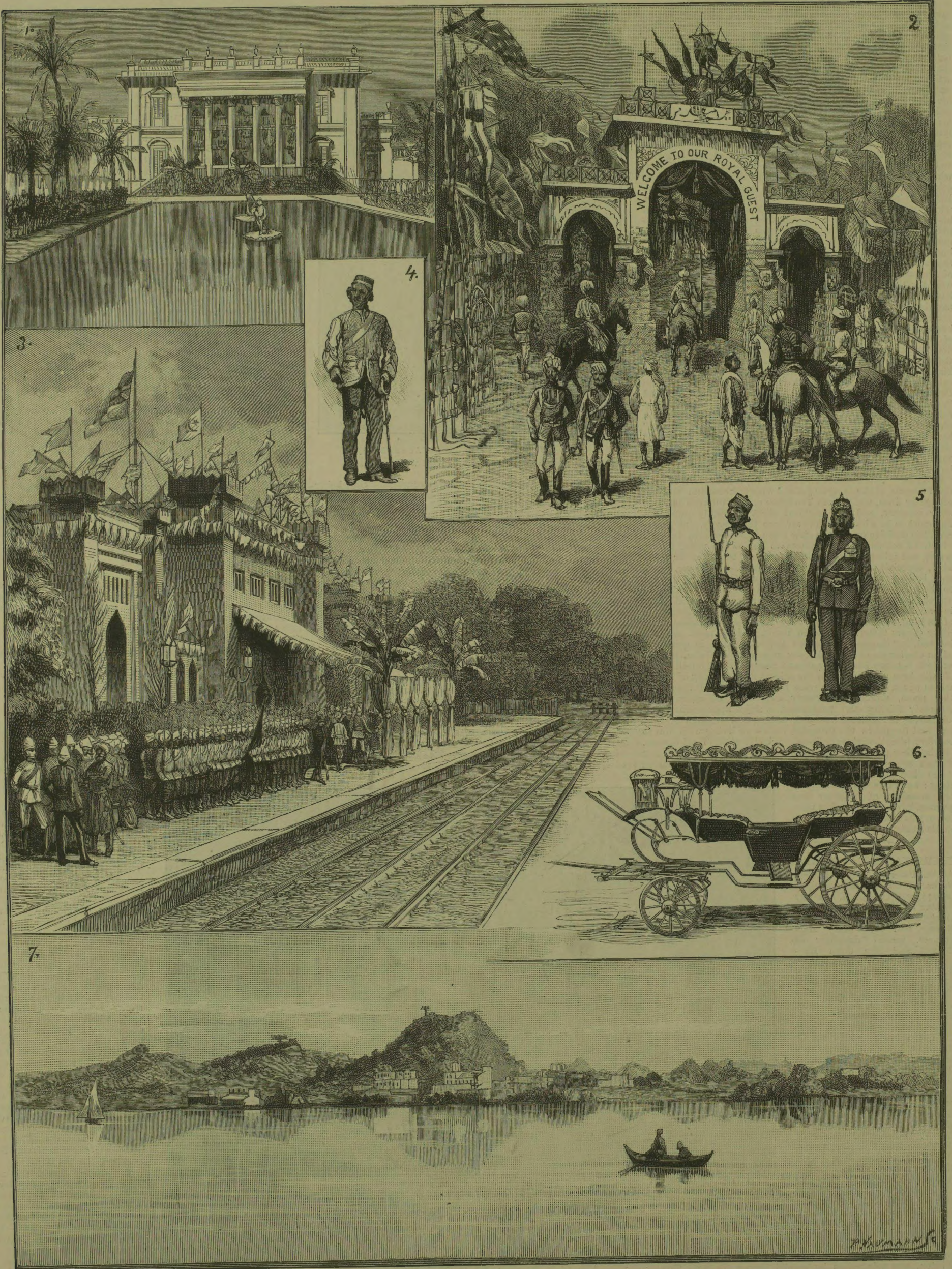
The Khedive opened at Cairo on Dec. 15, in person, the General Assembly, consisting of the Legislative Council and the Notables, which is only summoned on extraordinary occasions.

Mr. Blaine has telegraphed to Mr. Stanley President Harrison's congratulations upon his successful journey, and the advantages which may accrue therefrom to the civilised world.—The funeral of Mr. Jefferson Davis took place on Dec. 11, amid universal manifestations of sorrow and respect.—After deliberating for three days, the Chicago jury before whom the persons charged with the murder of Dr. Cronin were tried agreed upon their verdict on the 16th. They found the prisoners Coughlin, O'Sullivan, and Burke guilty of murder, and sentenced them to imprisonment for life. In the case of Kunze the penalty fixed by the jury was three years' imprisonment, and Beggs was acquitted. According to the law of Illinois, the jury fix the terms of punishment.—Johnstown, in Pennsylvania, where the disastrous flood occurred six months ago, has been the scene of another calamity. A false alarm of fire was raised in a theatre while the performance was going on, and in the rush for egress by the narrow passages ten persons were killed, five others subsequently died, and eighty were injured.—Herr Carl Forster, the celebrated lasso profundo, according to a Reuter's telegram from New York, died on the 16th.

Sir Henry Loch, the new High Commissioner for South Africa, arrived at Cape Town on Dec. 13, and was received by the Ministers and a large number of officers and civil authorities. Many addresses of welcome were presented to him.—The marriage of President Reitz, of the Orange Free State, with Miss Mulder was solemnised at Bloemfontein on Dec. 11.

In the name of the Queen, Colonel Euan-Smith on Dec. 16 invested the Sultan of Zanzibar with the Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George. The ceremony took place in the presence of an immense *Duibar*.—Emin Pasha is reported to be better. The German Emperor has conferred upon him the Order of the Crown of the second class, with the Star.

The election of the Right Rev. O. Hadfield, D.D., Bishop of Wellington, to the Primacy of New Zealand has been declared invalid, and the Right Rev. A. B. Suter, D.D., Bishop of Nelson, has been declared Primate.



1. Hall of the Chow Mahal Palace.
2. Arch near St. George's Church.

3. Hyderabad Station: Waiting for the Prince.
4. Officer of the Nizam's Guards.

5. Non-commissioned Officer and Sepoy.
6. The Nizam's State Coach.

7. The Hussein Saugar Tank, with the Nizam's New Palace.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR IN INDIA: THE VISIT TO HYDERABAD.

FROM SKETCHES BY MR. E. H. DWANE.



STIRRING THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

BY M. BROWN.

THE LATE ROBERT BROWNING.

Contemporary English literature has lost one of two distinguished authors of poetry whose beginnings of verse-writing are older than the reign of Queen Victoria, and who, after half a century of frequent occasional productions, were reputed our twin chief living examples of that kind of genius. It is an ancient tradition of literary history, the grounds of which may possibly be questioned by rational criticism, to rank the "poets," or men of imaginative genius who put their words into a metrical form, considerably above the most gifted writers of prose. In the infancy of most nations, we know, revered utterances of a sacred or authoritative character, religious, didactic, and narrative, with their garniture of mythology, were shaped in verse; as well to render them more impressive to the ear as to fix them in popular memory. The use of writing and printing might be supposed to have brought prose, which is commonly read, to become an equally suitable vehicle for preserving high and noble thoughts in remembrance. There remains, however, for the gratification of taste in the modern world, the faculty of charming the ear by a rhythmic arrangement of syllables, to which has been added the Arabian invention of rhyme.

Unquestionably, the harmonies of metre and accent in verse are calculated to enhance both the dignity of language and its effect of emotional expression in a very high degree. They are not only the source of charming music, but they are a most powerful aid to rhetoric, which is an essential element of poetry. And though, at the present day, few lovers of poetry are much accustomed to reading aloud, the silent perusal of verse suggests to the mind's ear, by an inward sympathy of the senses, whatever there is of musical delight in harmoniously measured intervals, numbered accents, and pleasing opposition of vowels and consonants in agreeable relation to each other. Verse composition, therefore, of every kind and form, merits our gratitude when it is good of its kind; but it is bound to comply with the fundamental rules of the art, which are by no means arbitrary, being indeed, like those of music, of a strictly mathematical nature. If a poet chooses to defy those rules, he may be a very great author, but how can we call him an altogether good poet?

Robert Browning, whose death, on Dec. 12, at Venice, aged seventy-seven, we deeply regret as a great loss to England and to all the world in this age, has been of late years, since about 1870, one known not why, too often a rude and faulty versemaker, a spoiler of form and style, a transgressor of prosody, a frequent misuser of syntax and distorter of the idioms of our language. He must have entertained some theory of a new literary method which prompted him to these strange courses for what he believed to be the public advantage. For there was no one who once possessed a greater mastery of good English than he; some of the finest blank verse is found in "The Ring and the Book," published in 1868 and 1869—ay, and in "Paracelsus," which appeared in 1835; and many of his lyrics, in various metres and rhyme-combinations, are perfect in the graces of verbal and syllabic harmony. He was, indeed, though not an Oxford or Cambridge University man, a highly accomplished literary scholar, who had steeped his mind in Greek classics and Italian melodies of verse, and in studies of all the fine arts. One would have supposed that he would never practise a harsh and uncouth conjunction of words or jumbled sentences; or improper diction, with unseemly jars and discords in the associations suggested by particular words; or any other violation of symmetry, form, and tone. It has been a standing wonder to literary critics, for nearly twenty years past, how Browning could endure to write as he often did; but in spite of all such eccentricities—and this proves how little the general English public now care for versification as an art, or for any artistic quality of literary style—Browning's popularity has immensely increased during the same period.

We hasten to acknowledge that his present fame is amply deserved, notwithstanding those literary faults, and to predict that it will long continue, upon entirely different grounds. It has been made widely known, since the publication of "The Ring and the Book"—a grand work of poetical creation, peculiar in design, but drawn from profound ethical and psychological insight, erected and sustained with amazing force of imagination—that Browning's knowledge of human nature surpasses all that is evinced by other poets of his time. This is what most people seek, beyond the indulgence of fancy by fictitious incidents and plots, in novel-reading and the vast consumption of stories that is now going on: they desire to learn the experiences of the inner life, the real sentiments and motives of different types of individual character. Browning was said by certain of his admirers—it is not we who say it—to have as wide and deep and true an acquaintance with the manifold emotions of the human heart as Shakespeare, more especially in discerning the subtle influences of passion upon intellectual persuasion or belief. There is certainly no other poet—we do not refer to the great prose novelists—who has since Shakespeare displayed an equal range of insight regarding the unavowed, the self-dissembled, or the unconscious movements of feeling in different persons, and the habitual bias thus given to the thoughts. His way of setting forth these private secrets of the inner life is by long monologues—not soliloquies—confessions, often partially false, and either intended to delude or self-delusive—addressed to somebody or other, in consequence of a transaction which may, or may not, be of much outward interest. Thus he is no dramatist, and the plays which he has written are even less dramatic than Lord Tennyson's or Sir Henry Taylor's, and much less so than Lord Byron's; the action, incidents, and event are slightly dealt with, presupposed with all their circumstances, and, if there be a plot, the reader does not so much care for it as for a judgment on the characters themselves.

This is Browning's master faculty, by which, in his unique sway over a most important and interesting domain of poetic genius—if its literature be, as Matthew Arnold has suggested, the exhibition of life for aesthetic criticism—we hold that the esteem awarded to his works is fully justified. Our testimony was most promptly and abundantly given twenty years ago in this Journal upon "The Ring and the Book," at a time when he said, "The British public loves me not." We now hear of "Browning Societies," in London and many other towns of England and America, which meet, read, discuss, lecture, write, and print a good deal, to make the most of the wisdom of Browning. Frankly do we admit that there is a store of wisdom, of sound moral and religious philosophy, in the works of Robert Browning, as well as of grace and beauty, in his early writings and those of his middle period—we would especially mention the series of "Men and Women" and "Dramatis Personæ"—which is of the greatest value. Not Tennyson, not Wordsworth, good as they are, venerable as they now appear—not Byron, the interpreter of vehement passion, the potent rhetorician, the wielder of lightning wit—not Keats, the favourite child of fancy, or Shelley, inspired by a celestial imagination, or Coleridge, rapt in weird and mystic dreams—not any poet of the nineteenth century is equal to Browning in his revelations of the inner processes of the human heart, as disposing the trains of thought and mental habits which conduct

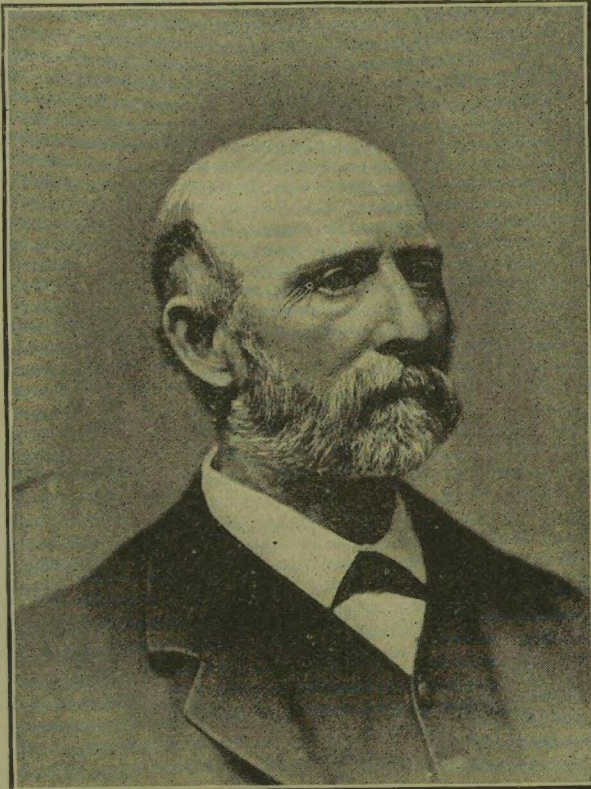
to the shaping of individual lives. To study these is surely a great part of wisdom.

Almost simultaneously with the news of Mr. Browning's death we received his last small volume, published by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., entitled "Asolando: Fancies and Facts." It demands only a brief notice. The title, "Asolando," which is not appropriate to the contents, is a rather far-fetched double play upon words. Asolo, a place in the hills commanding a beautiful view of the plains towards Venice, is mentioned in "Sordello" and other poems by Browning, and was revisited by him last October. The verb "asolare," to sport in the sunshine, may not be classical Italian, but is said to be somewhere in popular use. Beyond the prologue, however, the short pieces in this new volume, of which there are some thirty, have nothing to do with Asolo; nor does anyone of them present a sunshiny rural landscape. One treats of an incident of French gallantry, another of the humorous Scottish Border tale of "Muckle-mouthed Meg." The best are two well-known old stories of the Popes—that of him who affected humility until his election, keeping the fisherman's net that had belonged to his lowly father, but put it away when it had "caught the fish"; and that of Sixtus V., sitting incognito in a poor man's house, and cheerfully eating a dinner of beans. "Beatrice Signorini" is an interesting tale of Italian domestic life, that of a painter who was an inconstant husband, and whose wife was a woman of spirit. The other pieces have their particular significance, but are not such as to throw fresh light on the author's mental attitude. In the "Reverie" and "Epilogue," at the conclusion, he renews his fervent expression of religious faith and hope.

So Browning passes; and so will Tennyson pass. Not every scrap of their writing is an oracle or a jewel. But, once upon a time, this happened in our street. Two rich men walked among a crowd of starving, scrambling, snarling beggars. With purses and pockets full of all precious and all petty coins, they flung now gold, now coppers, till the blind or unlucky cried "Shame on them! Where are the guineas? Their money is naught!" But a wiser man stood by and said, at first to himself, then aloud: "I and some others have enough of halfpence, which we care not to keep or to give. None of us can afford to give any shillings."

THE LATE SIR PERCY SHELLEY, BART.

Our Obituary last week recorded that this gentleman, who was son of the poet Percy Bysshe Shelley, by his marriage



THE LATE SIR PERCY FLORENCE SHELLEY, BART.

with Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, died on Dec. 5, at his residence, Boscombe Manor, Bournemouth. Sir Percy Florence Shelley, who was born at Florence on Nov. 12, 1819, and was deprived of his father, in July 1822, by the memorable disaster at sea near the Gulf of Spezzia, succeeded his grandfather, Sir Timothy, second Baronet, in 1844. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, was a D.L. and J.P. for Sussex, and was High Sheriff in 1865. He was formerly a Captain of the Sussex Militia. He married, in 1848, Jane, daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Gibson, and widow of the Hon. Charles Robert St. John, second son of the third Viscount Bolingbroke, but has left no children. Sir Percy Shelley, though not an author, was a man of cultivated literary taste, and had a private amateur theatre adjacent to his mansion on the Chelsea Embankment. He was an active cricket-player and cyclist, president of the Bournemouth Amateur Rowing Club, and owner of the steam-yacht Oceana, in which he made a tour with Lady Shelley down the West Coast. He was the largest shareholder in the Boscombe Pier Company, whose pier was opened last summer by the Duke of Argyll.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Vanderweyde, of Regent-street.

Sir Michael R. Shaw-Stewart, the Lord Lieutenant of Renfrewshire, unveiled, on Dec. 12, in the presence of a large and fashionable assembly, the monument which the Queen has erected in Paisley Abbey, in memory of the Royal Stewarts who are buried there.

Alderman Sir R. Hanson presided on Dec. 11 at the sixty-second anniversary festival dinner of the Infant Orphan Asylum at Wanstead, which was well attended. Contributions were announced amounting to nearly £2000, including 10s. from the Queen, 5s. from the Princess of Wales, 100s. from the Mercers' Company, £100 from the Grocers' Company, 100s. from the chairman, and 40s. from the Clothworkers' Company.

At the annual meeting of the Central Chamber of Agriculture, held at the Society of Arts, resolutions were passed in favour of the corn returns being supplied in future through the Ministry of Agriculture, and in favour of mushrooms being given the same protection as is afforded to other agricultural produce. The Chamber also decided that recent legislation had been prejudicial to the hop- and barley-growing industries.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

A Chronicle of the Reign of Charles IX. By Prosper Mérimée. Translated by George Saintsbury. (J. C. Nimmo.)—This handsome volume, with one that will next be noticed, Mr. Saintsbury's translation of "The Chouans," by Balzac, begins a series of artistic and tasteful editions of works of high literary excellence, describing important historical epochs. They are finely printed, on the best paper, in the imperial octavo form; and the illustrations, which in each volume are not less than a hundred wood engravings, from designs by French artists, render these books, apart from the instructive reading, ornamental and inviting to the eye. French history, previous to the overthrow of ancient Royalty by the Great Revolution, affords an interesting study, but often painful to friends of justice and freedom. Brilliant externally, bearing witness not only to the splendour of the Monarchy and privileged nobility, but also to the gallantry of the French nation and its intellectual activity, shown in ready mastery of all useful and beautiful arts, this history is defaced by many evil deeds and internal disasters, which must be largely ascribed to the misrule of the Valois, and subsequently of the Bourbon, line of Kings. Among the successors of Francis I. whose reigns were fatal to the Protestant Reformation in France in the sixteenth century, and fatally deleterious to social and political virtue, the miserable figure of Charles IX., though he was not personally the most responsible, has seemed particularly odious. The atrocious massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, Aug. 24, 1572, was such an event as makes a dire stain on the reputation of a King who certainly did nothing to prevent it, though it is unlikely, as M. Prosper Mérimée shows, that either Charles or his mother, Catherine de Medici, intended it to take place. They may have plotted the assassination of Coligny, but the faction of the Guises was equally obnoxious to the Royal interests; and the ferocious outbreak of popular fury was probably instigated by that faction. Mérimée's work, however, is not an historical discussion or inquiry, but an imaginative romance, of the same class as the Waverley Novels, from which, of course, it greatly differs in tone and style and conception. This writer is a better literary artist than Dumas, but less of a genius. It is a clever story, giving a vivid picture of the condition of France, and of the characters of leading persons at that unhappy period. But one would prefer to read Mérimée in his own language, so perfect is his style.

The Chouans. By H. de Balzac. Translated by George Saintsbury. (J. C. Nimmo.)—The artistic illustrations furnished to this volume are not inferior to those of the "Chronicle of Charles IX.," while Balzac is certainly a greater author than Mérimée, and we feel a nearer interest, too, in the Breton insurgents of 1799 against the Government of the Revolution. Those brave, unfortunate "Chouans," people of the ancient Gallic and Celtic race, in the Departments of Mayenne and Ile-et-Vilaine, at first resisting the conscription for the wars of the Republican Directory, followed the example of La Vendée in a desperate struggle, led by their priests, which cost enormous slaughter. It is as fit a subject of historical romance as the Scottish Jacobite Rebellion. This story was Balzac's first important and successful work, and, though far from equal to his graphic pictures of contemporary Parisian society, is a powerful and effective tale, which may be perused in Mr. Saintsbury's version with considerable ease and pleasure.

Westminster Abbey. By the Rev. W. J. Loftie, Author of "A History of London." With Illustrations by Herbert Railton. (Seeley and Co.)—Mr. Loftie is well known as a good writer on metropolitan antiquities, and his account of the most dignified and historically important ecclesiastical structures belonging to London is sure to be mainly accurate, while comprehending all the facts of incidental and collateral interest, though it does not supersede the "Memorials" written by Dean Stanley. This volume, indeed, must be chiefly valued for Mr. Herbert Railton's beautiful drawings, twelve of which are reproduced in large plates, each filling an entire page, and showing the grand architectural aspects of the sacred edifice, while more than sixty vignettes represent particular features, chapels, cloisters, doorways, tombs and monuments, all of which are minutely described. It is a fine work on a noble subject, and should be one of the most acceptable publications of this season.

The Magazine of Art. (Cassell and Co.)—The yearly volume of this magazine forms a substantial collection of treatises, by able and learned contributors, on various topics of art-criticism and art-history, with a dozen large plates, etchings, and photographs, and an immense number of wood-engravings. Among the subjects treated in different series of articles and illustrations are the French painters of rustic life and scenery, Millet and others, grouped together as "the Barbizon school"; the merits of Dante Rossetti as a portrait-painter, and the portraits of himself; scene-painting, and the employment of art as an accessory to theatrical representations; the progress of illustrated journalism in England; the Gladstone life celebration; and the scenery of the isle of Arran.

The Poor Sisters of Nazareth. Drawn by George Lambert: written by Alice Meynell. (Burns and Oates.)—The religious charity of the good Catholic Nuns at Nazareth House, Hammer-smith, has long been known and esteemed among Christian efforts for the relief of misery in London. This account of the gentle community of devout women and their operations, which include a refuge for the aged and infirm, a school and nursery for children and babies, and other works of mercy, will be received with the confidence it merits, and Mr. Lambert's sketches help to reveal the inner life of an institution which deserves our respect.

Those were the Days! A poem, illustrated by Tom Kelly. (Dean and Son.)—The author of this poem is Mrs. Tom Kelly; and her talent for writing agreeable verse, expressing natural and wholesome sentiment, finds congenial accompaniment in the artistic designs of her husband. These represent bits of woodland and brookside scenery, foliage, flowers, and fruits, and pretty young faces. The purport of the poem is a remembrance of the delights of childhood.

Vere Foster's Advanced Water-Colour Series. Three Parts. (Blackie and Son.)—This publication—a sequel to the elementary treatise on water-colour painting in Vere Foster's series of books of art-instruction—seems well adapted to the use of students. "British Landscape and Coast Scenery," in the first part, and "Marine Painting," in the second, are explained by Mr. Edward Duncan, a member of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours; and in each part there are given, as examples, eight coloured representations of original paintings by him, with many outline drawings, and reproductions of Turner's designs. "Flower-painting for Beginners" is Miss Ethel Nisbet's work, comprising twelve studies from nature, finely coloured, with numerous outline sketches, and directions to the learner in that branch of art.

"THE RIVERS OF GREAT BRITAIN: EAST."

"Descriptive, Historical, Pictorial," this important work, of which one part, "Rivers of the East Coast," has just been published by Messrs. Cassell and Co. (Limited), in a handsome quarto volume of 376 pages, with numerous wood-engravings and an etching, Mr. W. H. J. Boot's View of Bolton Abbey, for the frontispiece, is a worthy tribute to the fine aspects and noble associations of our native land. The most characteristic features of a country are its rivers, not its hills and mountains, which indeed are rather deficient, or comparatively insignificant, in the eastern parts of Great Britain, except in the Highlands of Scotland up the valleys of the Dee and the Tay; nor do we forget the fine moorlands of the North of England. But it is from the chief rivers, the Forth, the Tweed, the Tyne, Wear, and Tees; the Ouse, with all the streams which join it from the North and West Ridings of Yorkshire; the Trent, with its Derbyshire tributaries, flowing into the Humber; the placid waters of East Anglia; and, finally, "the Royal Thames," which has been described and illustrated in a separate work, that East Britain, Scottish and English, mainly derives its picturesque inland features. On the banks of these rivers, too, have been enacted the most important passages of our national history; the kingdoms of England and Scotland here took their seats, and, long contending in Border warfare, became happily united, as the Eastern Lowlanders of Berwickshire, Tweedside, and the Lothians were of kindred Northumbrian Saxon race; the great ecclesiastical institutions, dioceses, and monasteries flourished most conspicuously on this side, aiding in the social consolidation of the English people; trade and agriculture, the early manufacturing industries, the fisheries, the commerce with the Hanse towns, Flanders, Holland, and the Baltic, raised up the English middle classes to wealth and political influence; cities and towns, founded on this prosperity, trained the Commons of England to assert rights of their own, independent of feudal and monarchical rule; it was by the men of the Eastern and East Midland counties, in a great measure, that the cause of freedom was maintained in the Civil Wars;



BISHOPTHORPE, ON THE OUSE, NEAR YORK.

in short, the "Making of England," down to the latter part of the seventeenth century, was transacted principally on that side of our island, while Liverpool was a poor fishermen's village, and Manchester a feeble little town. The balance of provincial weight, in the modern scale has been considerably shifted, during the past hundred and fifty years, by the manufacturing and commercial increase of Lancashire and Lanarkshire and other western parts; but the historical interest of places situated on or near the "Rivers of East Britain" is still connected with the earlier phases of national life; Edinburgh, Newcastle-on-Tyne, York, Nottingham, Norwich, Oxford and Cambridge, above all, London, are names of high ancient authority; and those communities, with the regions surrounding them, have in former times virtually decided the political fate of the kingdom.

The work now before us, however, is less historical than descriptive, suitably to the abundance of its pictorial illustrations, which are views of riverside scenery as follows: on the Highland Dee and Tay; on the Forth, from Loch Katrine, the Trossachs, and Stirling, down to the sea; on the Tweed, from above Peebles to Berwick; on the Coquet, including Warkworth Castle; on the Tyne, which is, above Hexham, only inferior to the Tweed in features of local interest; on the Wear and the Tees, including the Greta and Rokeby; on the Wharfe, with its Bolton Abbey, and the Ouse, with the city of York; on the Trent, with the Derbyshire Dove and Derwent, and the woodlands and meadows of Nottinghamshire; on the rivers that issue in "the Wash," the Witham, Nene, Ouse, and Cam, with the towns of Boston, Lincoln, Stamford, Northampton, Peterborough, Huntingdon, St. Ives, Ely, and Cambridge; on the Yare of Norfolk, the Broad, the Orwell of Ipswich and Harwich, and the Blackwater and Chelmer of Essex. A moderate knowledge of topography



YARM, ON THE RIVER TEES, YORKSHIRE.



JUNCTION OF THE DOVE WITH THE TRENT, AT NEWTON SOLNEY, DERBYSHIRE.



CARLTON, ON THE TRENT, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

will assure the reader that these rivers, and the lands watered by them, exhibit such a variety of picturesque features, of Northern mountains and moorlands, Border towers, ruined abbeys, stately mansions and wooded parks, notable old towns, mercantile ports, quiet rustic scenes among the hills and on the cultivated plains, secluded vales, and romantic glens, as in Wharfedale and Dovedale, and the grand expanse of Fenland with its open sky and vast horizon, that the artist finds plenty of occupation. We are permitted by Messrs. Cassell to select a few Engravings; the choice is great, but those of Bishopthorpe, the palace of the Archbishops of York, and of the lower part of the Tees, at Yarm, where the river has lost its wildness but keeps a tranquil beauty, though not far from Darlington and Stockton; also the meeting of the Dove with the Trent, at the pretty village of Newton Solney, a few miles below Tatbury; and the latter river again at Carlton, which is situated near East Retford—these views may be taken as samples of the illustrations that adorn a most interesting work. The literary part is also well done by special writers—Canon Bonney, Mr. Edward Bradbury, Mr. W. Senior, Messrs. W. S. Cameron, Aaron Watson, W. W. Hutchings, Francis Watt, and John Geddie, whose descriptive chapters are worthy of perusal, adding much to our knowledge of our own country, which should ever be an agreeable study. A whole book might be written on the Trent and the streams which contribute to its main drainage of the North Midlands, in Staffordshire, Derbyshire, and Nottinghamshire, before it turns northward to the Humber.

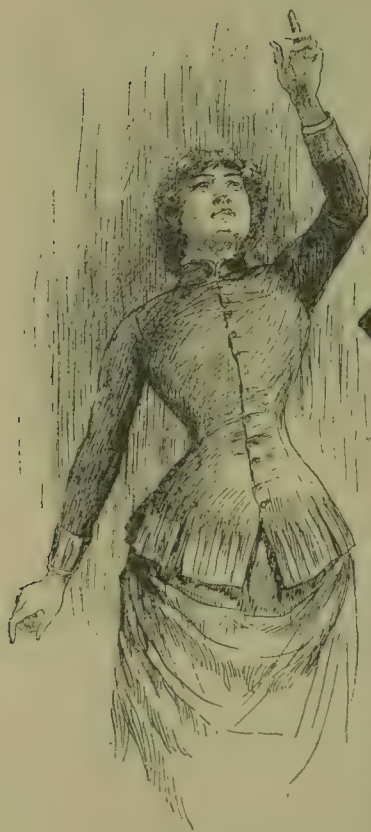
BLIND LOVE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

[The Right of Translation is Reserved.]

CHAPTER LXI.

THE LAST DISCOVERY.



I SHALL like to turn farmer," Lord Harry went on talking while Iris opened and began to read Fanny's manuscript. "After all my adventures, to settle down in a quiet place and cultivate the soil. On market-day we will drive into town together"—he talked as if Kentucky were Warwickshire—"side by side in a spring cart. I shall have samples of grain in bags, and you will have a basket of butter and cream. It will be an ideal life. We shall dine at the ordinary, and, after dinner, over a pipe and a glass of grog, I shall discuss the weather and the crops. And while we live in this retreat of ours, over here the very name of Harry Norland

will have been forgotten. Queer, that! We shall go on living long after we are dead and buried and forgotten. In the novels the man turns up after he is supposed to be cast away—wrecked—drowned—dead long ago. But he never turns up when he is forgotten—unless he is Rip Van Winkle. By gad, Iris! when we are old people we will go home and see the old places together. It will be something to look forward to—something to live for—eh?

"I feel quite happy this evening, Iris; happier than I have been for months. The fact is, this infernal place has lipped us both confoundedly. I didn't like to grumble, but I've felt the monotony more than a bit. And so have you. It's made you brood over things. Now, for my part, I like to look at the bright side. Here we are comfortably cut off from the past. That's all done with. Nothing in the world can revive the memory of the agreeable things if we are only true to ourselves and agree to forget them. What has been done can never be discovered. Not a soul knows except the doctor, and between him and ourselves we are going to put a few thousand—What's the matter, Iris? What the devil is the matter?"

For Iris, who had been steadily reading while her husband chattered on, suddenly dropped the book, and turned upon him a white face and eyes struck with horror.

"What is it?" Lord Harry repeated.

"Oh! Is this true?"

"What?"

"I cannot say it. Oh, my God! can this be true?"

"What? Speak, Iris." He sprang to his feet. "Is it—is it discovered?"

"Discovered? Yes, all—all—is discovered!"

"Where? How? Give me the thing, Iris. Quick! Who knows? What is known?"

He snatched the book from her hands. She shrank from his touch, and pushed back her chair, standing in an attitude of self-defence—watching him as one would watch a dangerous creature.

He swiftly read page after page, eager to know the worst. Then he threw the book upon the table.

"Well?" he said, not lifting his eyes.

"The man was murdered—murdered!" she whispered.

He made no reply.

"You looked on while he was murdered! You looked on consenting! You are a murderer!"

"I had no share or part in it. I did not know he was being poisoned."

"You knew when I was with you. Oh! the dead man—the murdered man—was in the house at the very moment! Your hands were red with blood when you took me away—to get me out of the way—so that I should not know"—She stopped, she could not go on.

"I did not know, Iris—not with certainty. I thought he was dying when he came into the house. He did not die; he began to recover. When the doctor gave him his medicine—after that woman went away—I suspected. When he died, my suspicions were stronger. I challenged him. He did not deny it. Believe me, Iris, I neither counselled it nor knew of it."

"You acquiesced in it. You consented. You should have warned the—the other murderer that you would denounce him if the man died. You took advantage of it. His death enabled you to carry out your fraud with me as your accomplice. With me! I am an accomplice in a murder!"

"No, no, Iris; you knew nothing of it. No one can ever accuse you"

"You do not understand. It is part of the accusation which I make against myself."

"As for what this woman writes," her husband went on, "it is true. I suppose it is useless to deny a single word of it. She was hidden behind the curtain, then! She heard and saw all! If Vimpany had found her! He was right. No one so dangerous as a woman. Yes; she has told you exactly what happened. She suspected all along. We should have sent her away and changed our plans. This comes of being too clever. Nothing would do for the doctor but the man's death. I hoped—we both hoped—that he would die a natural death. He did not. Without a dead man we were powerless. We had to get a dead man. Iris, I will hide nothing more from you, whatever happens. I confess everything. I knew that he was going to die. When he began to get well I was filled with fore-

bodings, because I knew that he would never be allowed to go away. How else could we find a dead body? You can't steal a body; you can't make one up. You must have one for proof of death. I say"—his voice was harsh and hoarse—"I say that I knew he must die. I saw his death in the doctor's face. And there was no more money left for a new experiment if Oxbye should get well and go away. When it came to the point I was seized with mortal terror. I would have given up everything—everything—to see the man get up from his bed and go away. But it was too late. I saw the doctor prepare the final dose, and when he had it to his lips I saw by his eyes that it was the drink of death. I have told you all."

"You have told me all," she repeated. "All! Good Heavens! All!"

"I have hidden nothing from you. Now there is nothing more to tell."

She stood perfectly still—her hands clasped, her eyes set, her face white and stern.

"What I have to do now," she said, "lies plain before me."

"Iris! I implore you, make no change in our plans. Let us go away as we proposed. Let the past be forgotten. Come with me"

"Go with you? With you? With you? Oh!" She shuddered.

"Iris! I have told you all. Let us go on as if you had heard nothing. We cannot be more separated than we have been for the last three months. Let us remain as we are until the time when you will be able to feel for me—to pity my weakness—and to forgive me."

"You do not understand. Forgive you? It is no longer a question of forgiveness. Who am I that my forgiveness should be of the least value to you—or to any?"

"What is the question, then?"

"I don't know. A horrible crime has been committed—a horrible—ghastly, dreadful crime—such a thing as one reads of in the papers and wonders, reading it, what manner of wild beasts must be those who do such things. Perhaps one wonders, besides, what manner of women must be those who associate with those wild beasts. My husband is one of those wild beasts!—my husband!—my husband!—and I—I am one of the women who are fit companions of these creatures!"

"You can say what you please, Iris; what you please."

"I have known—only since I came here have I really known and understood—that I have wrecked my life in a blind passion. I have loved you, Harry; it has been my curse. I followed you against the warnings of everybody: I have been rewarded—by this. We are in hiding. If we are found we shall be sent to a convict prison for conspiracy. We shall be lucky if we are not tried for murder and hanged by the neck until we are dead. This is my reward!"

"I have never played the hypocrite with you, Iris. I have never pretended to virtues which I do not possess. So far"

"Hush! Do not speak to me. I have something more to say, and then I shall never speak to you any more. Hush! Let me collect my thoughts. I cannot find the words. I cannot . . . Wait—Wait! Oh!" She sat down and burst into sobbings and moanings. But only for a minute. Then she sprang to her feet again and dashed back the tears. "Time for crying," she said, "when all is done. Harry, listen carefully; these are my last words. You will never hear from me any more. You must manage your own life in your own way, to save it or to spoil it; I will never more bear any part in it. I am going back to England—alone. I shall give up your name, and I shall take my maiden name again—or some other. I shall live somewhere quietly where you will not discover me. But perhaps you will not look for me?"

"I will not," he said. "I owe you so much. I will not look for you."

"As regards this money which I have obtained for you under false pretences, out of the fifteen thousand pounds for which you were insured, five thousand have been paid to my private account. I shall restore to the Company all that money."

"Good Heavens! Iris, you will be prosecuted on a criminal charge."

"Shall I? That will matter little, provided I make reparation. Alas! who shall make reparation—who shall atone—for the blood-spilling? For all things else in this world we may make what we call atonement; but not for the spilling of blood."

"You mean this? You will deliberately do this?"

"I mean every word. I will do nothing and say nothing that will betray you. But the money that I can restore, I will restore, So help me, God!" With streaming eyes she raised her hand and pointed upwards.

Her husband bowed his head.

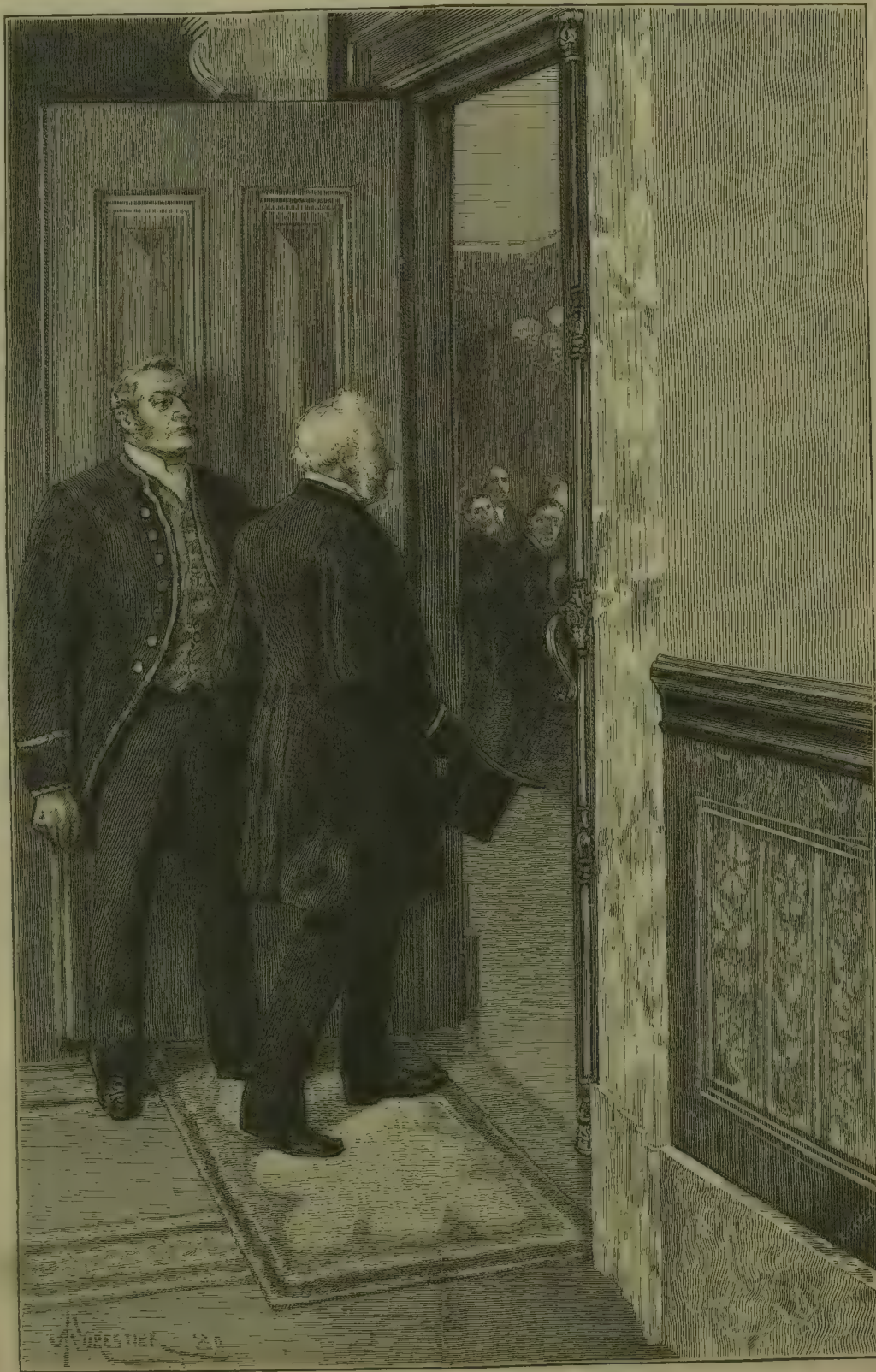
"You have said all you wished to say?" he asked humbly.

"I have said all."

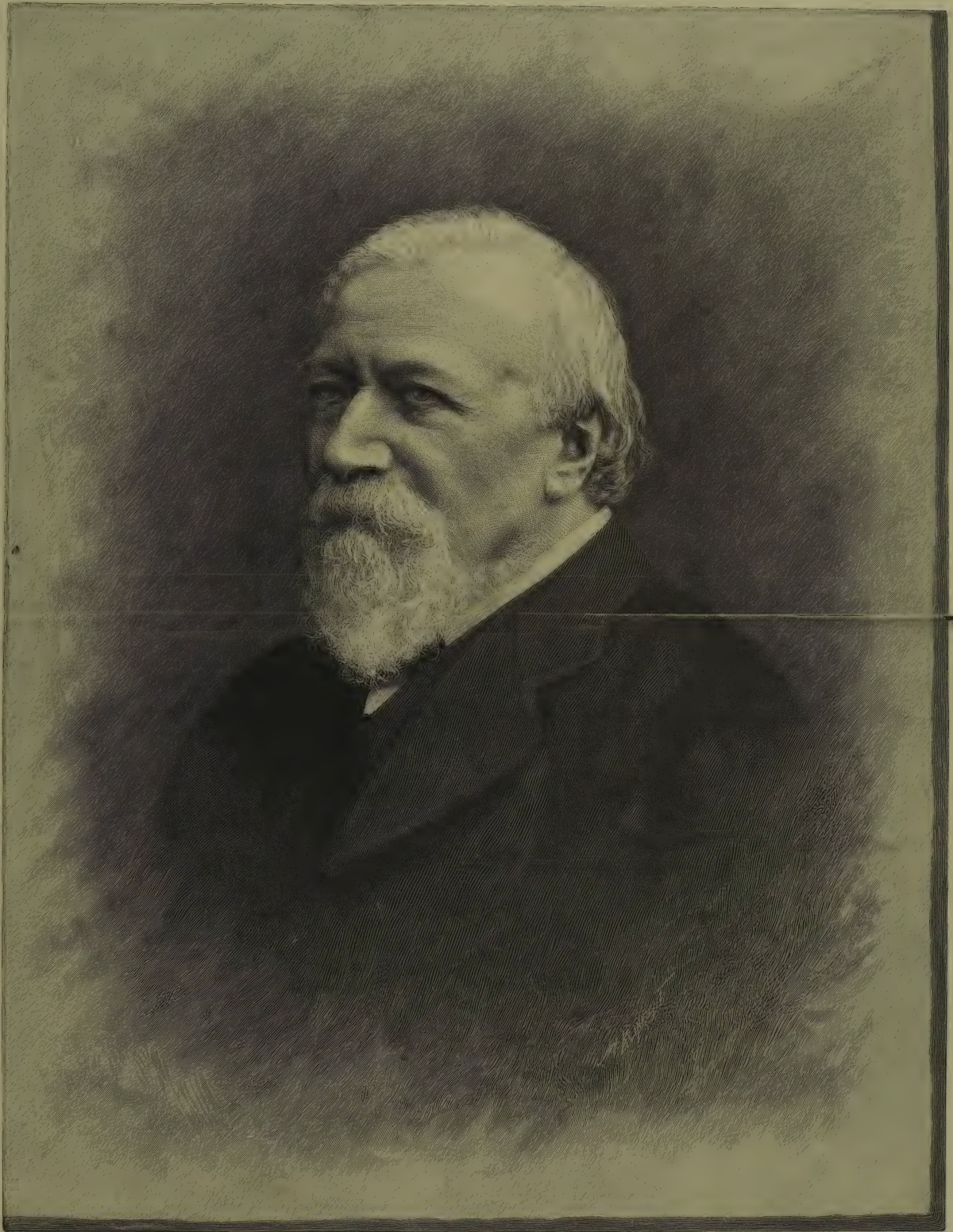
"Let me look in your face once more—so—full—with the light upon it. Yes; I have loved you, Iris—I have always loved you. Better, far better, for you had you fallen dead at my feet on the day when you became my wife. Then I should have been spared—I should have been spared a great deal. You are right, Iris. Your duty lies plainly before you. As for me, I must think of mine. Farewell! The lips of a murderer are not fit to touch even the hem of your garments. Farewell!"

He left her. She heard the hall door open and shut. She would see her husband no more.

She went to her own room and packed a single box with necessary things. Then she called the housemaid and informed her that she had been summoned to return suddenly to England; she must reach Brussels at least that evening. The woman brought a porter, who carried her box to the station; and Iris left Louvain—and her husband—for ever.

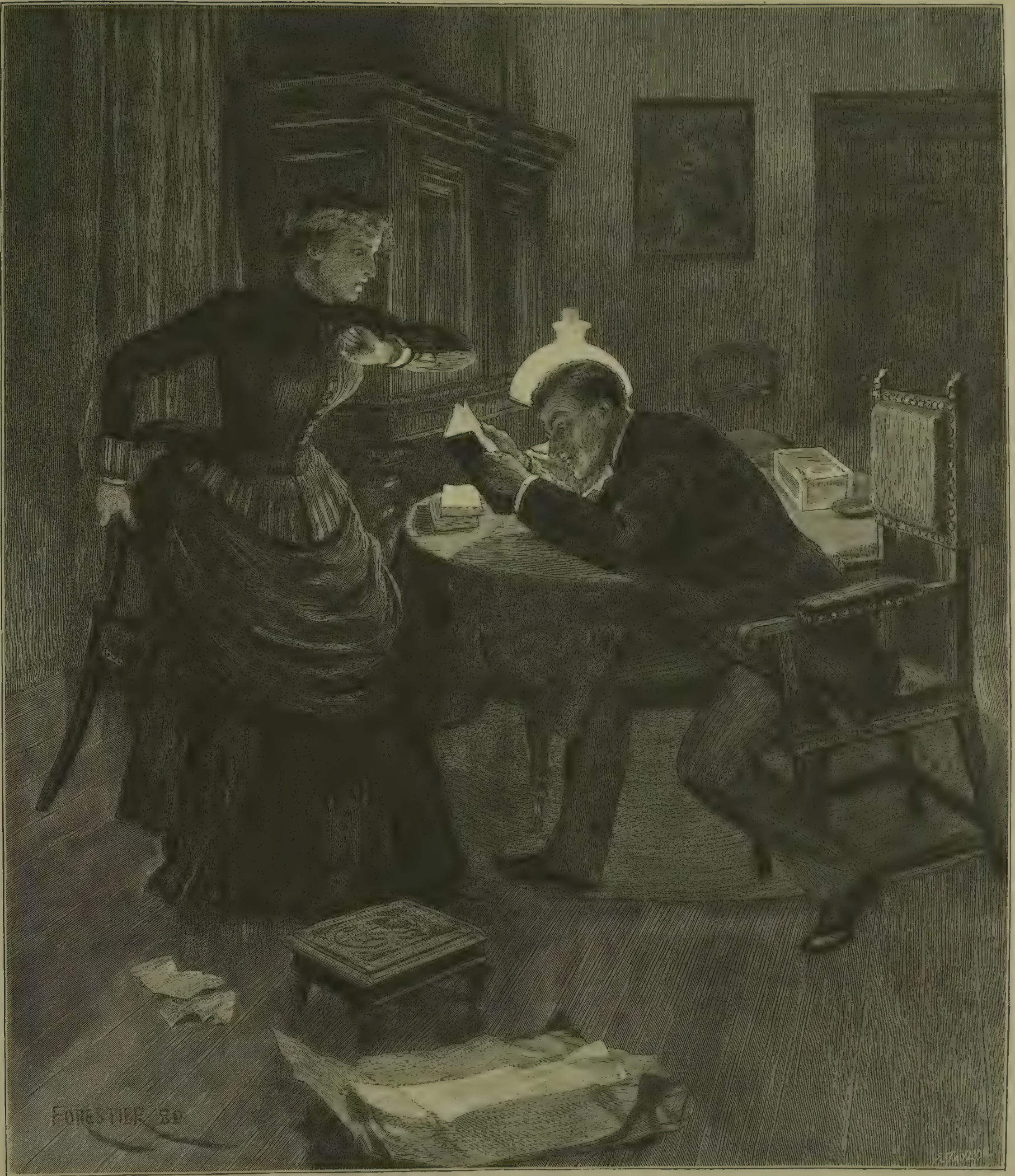


He came in, old, eminently respectable, but shaken.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, BAKER-STREET, W.C.

THE LATE ROBERT BROWNING.



He snatched the book from her hands. She shrank from his touch, and pushed back her chair.

CHAPTER LXII.

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

At a Board Meeting of the Royal Unicorn Life Insurance Company, specially convened, the Chairman had to make a communication of a very remarkable character.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I call upon the Secretary, without further introduction, to read a letter, to consider which you are called together this day."

"The letter," the Secretary began, "is simply headed 'Paris,' dated two days ago."

"Only two days ago," said the Chairman, mysteriously. "But, of course, that means nothing. There has been plenty of time for him to change his residence. I dare say he may be in London at our very elbow. Go on, if you please."

"Gentlemen"—the Secretary proceeded to read the letter. "It is now three months since a claim was sent in to you by the firm of Erskine, Mansfield, Denham, and Co., solicitors of Lincoln's Inn Fields, for the sum of £15,000 due to the heirs of Lord Harry Norland in respect of an insurance effected upon his life."

"The claim, gentlemen," said the Chairman, "was duly acknowledged and paid some weeks later. It was a heavy loss; but these things will occur, and there seemed no reason to doubt the facts alleged, or to dispute the claim."

"I write this letter," the Secretary continued reading, "in

order to inform you that the claim was fraudulent, inasmuch as Lord Harry Norland was at the time, and is still, actually living."

Fraudulent! The man still living! At this point there was a sudden awakening. Everybody sat up and listened with all their ears.

"I may tell you, gentlemen," the Chairman explained, "that the writer of this remarkable letter is none other than Lord Harry Norland himself. We will now proceed without further interruption."

"In conjunction with another person, I devised and carried out successfully a plan by which I was enabled to touch at once, and without the disagreeable necessity of previously expiring and being buried, the whole of the money for which I was insured. Other people have attempted the same design, I believe, but the thing has hitherto been managed clumsily. In my own case, it has been managed with great dexterity and artistic skill. As you will naturally be curious on a subject which interests you so closely, I have no objection to reveal the method. It is not enough to write to your office and state that a certain person is dead. One must be prepared with proofs of the death should any doubt arise. No proof of death is quite satisfactory without evidence as to the disposal of the dead body. With that object, we procured from the Hôtel Dieu a patient in an advanced state of consumption. My accomplice, being a medical man, highly recommended,

was able to do this without suspicion. We nursed him ostentatiously. During the latter part of the illness he was nursed under the name of Lord Harry Norland. When he died, his name was entered in the official register as Lord Harry Norland. He was buried in the cemetery at Auteuil, near Paris, as Lord Harry Norland. A headstone marks his grave, which is purchased in perpetuity. The doctor certified the cause of his death, and communicated the fact to the deceased's brother, Lord Malven, and to the deceased's solicitors. The death was also announced to the papers. The difficulties attendant on the successful conduct of the business are so great that you need not fear a repetition. Nobody, in order to assist a fraud, will consent to die and lend his own body. It is seldom, indeed, that a sick man can be found—a foreigner and friendless—whose death will cause no curiosity and raise no questions. Add to this, it is extremely difficult, as I have now experienced, to find the necessary assistance without encountering the objections of conscience."

"Upon my word!" cried one of the Directors, "this is a most wonderful letter. I beg your pardon. Pray go on."

"We began very well. We buried our man under the name of Lord Harry Norland, as I have said. The difficulty then arose as to the presentation of the claim. It was most desirable that the claim should be made by the person who would most naturally be the deceased's heir and after proving his will and by his own solicitor.

"I am married. I have no children. I have not lived on good terms with my family. It was therefore quite reasonable to expect that I should leave my wife sole heir and executrix. It was also natural that she should go to my solicitors—the family solicitors—and ask them to manage her affairs."

"With this object I confessed to my wife as much of the conspiracy as was necessary. Like many women, she possesses, in addition to every virtue, a blessed devotion to her husband. Where he is concerned she is easily led even from the paths of honour. I practised on that devotion; I used all the arguments and persuasions based on that devotion necessary to convert a woman of honour into the accomplice of a conspiracy. In brief, I made my wife join in the fraud. She consented to act for me, persuaded that if she did not the conspiracy would be discovered. The business has, therefore, been carried through with the greatest success. You have paid the claim in full without question. For me there was left the very comfortable provision of £15,000, with the consciousness of a daring and successful swindle. Unfortunately, my wife has now discovered that her conscience will give her no peace or rest until full restitution of the money has been made. She has informed me of her intention to send back without delay that part of it which lies at her bank in her own name—that is to say, five thousand pounds."

"I do not suppose that, as gentlemen, you would be disposed to subject a woman who thus desires to repair a wrong to the degradation of a public prosecution. No useful end, in fact, will be served in so doing. It is, in fact, in the conviction that you will take no proceedings that I write this letter."

"Further, as I wish my wife's scruples of conscience to be completely set at rest, I am prepared, on an assurance that the matter will be allowed to drop, to forward to you the remainder of the money, less two thousand pounds, which I have reason to believe will be sent to you in course of time. I am also prepared to instruct my wife, as my heir, in the event of my death to make no claim on the Company; and I have requested my solicitor to cease paying the annual premium. The Company will, therefore, be the gainers of the whole premiums which have been paid—namely, £300 a year for ten years: that is to say, £3000."

"As for myself, I will take the necessary steps as soon as you have given me that letter of assurance. As regards the other principal in the conspiracy, it is hardly worth your while to search after him. I shall be obliged if you will be so good as to acknowledge this letter without delay, with any assurance which you may be able to make as regards the person whom I have dragged into the affair. I send you an address where a letter will find me. You may wish to watch the house. I assure you beforehand that it is useless. I shall not go there."

"I remain, Gentlemen, your obedient servant,

"HARRY NORLAND."

"Perhaps," said the Secretary, "it is in connection with this letter that I have this day received a packet of bank-notes amounting in all to the sum of five thousand pounds. The packet is endorsed 'Restitution money.'"

"Bank-notes, gentlemen," said the Chairman significantly, "may be traced if necessary."

The Directors looked at each other. This was, indeed, a very remarkable story, and one never before brought to the notice of any Board.

"Gentlemen," said the Chairman, "you have heard the letter; you now have the case before you. I should like to hear your views."

"We are likely to get most of our money back," said one of the Directors, "it seems to me, by holding our tongues. That is the main thing."

"If we could get Lord Harry himself," said another, "I should say: go for him, but not for his wife. I wonder we ever took his life at all. If all stories are true about him he is as bad as they make 'em. He ran away when he was a boy, and went to sea: he was a strolling actor after that: he went out to the States and was reported to have been seen in the West: he has been a ship's steward: he has been on the turf. What has he not been?"

"We have got the money," said another; "that is the great thing. We must remember that we should never have found out the thing unless"—

"The Company must not compound a felony," said the Chairman.

"Certainly not. By no means. At the same time, would any good purpose be served by public scandal in connection with a noble House?"

"The noble House," said another Director, who was a Radical, "may very well take care of itself. Question is, Would it do any good to anybody if we ran in the wife?"

"Who is she?"

"You would expect a ruffian like Lord Harry to marry a woman like himself. Not at all. He married a most charming creature named Henley—Iris Henley—father very well known in the City. I heard of it at the time. She would have him—infatuated about him—mad business. Mr. Chairman, I submit that it is quite impossible for us to take proceedings against this unfortunate lady, who is doing her utmost to make restitution."

"The Company must not compound a felony," the Chairman repeated.

"If we do not get back that two thousand pounds," said the Secretary, "the Company loses very little. The surrender value must be considered."

Then another of the Directors spoke. "We do not know where this lady is to be found. She is probably passing under another name. It is not our business to hunt her down."

"And if we found her we should have to prove the case, and her guilty knowledge of the conspiracy," said another. "How would this precious letter be taken as evidence? Why, we do not even know that it is true. As might exume the body: what would that prove, after three months? We might open up the case, and spend a heap of money, and create a great scandal, and be none the better for it afterwards. My advice is, let the thing drop."

"Well, but," objected another, "suppose we admit that the man is still living. He may die, and then there would be another claim upon us."

"Of that," said the Chairman, "I think there need be no apprehension whatever. You have heard his letter. But, I repeat, we must not compound a felony!"

"I submit, Mr. Chairman," said one who had not spoken—and he was a barrister—"that the Company knows nothing at all about Lady Harry Norland. We have had to deal with the firm of Erskine, Mansfield, Denham, and Co., of Lincoln's Inn Fields: and a most respectable firm too. On their representations we paid the money. If it can be ascertained that we have been defrauded we must look to them. If we have to prosecute anybody it must be that respectable firm."

"Good," said the Chairman.

"I propose, therefore, that the Secretary write to Lord Harry Norland informing him that the Company have had nothing at all to do with his wife, and do not recognise her action in any way. We shall then see what happens, and can proceed in accordance."

At this moment a card was brought in. It was that of Mr. Erskine himself, senior partner in the very firm.

He came in, old, eminently respectable, but shaken. He was greatly shaken. "Gentlemen," he said nervously, "I hasten to bring you a communication, a most extraordinary communication, which I have just received. It is nothing less than a confession—a full confession—from a person whom I had every reason to believe was dead. It is from Lord Harry Norland."

"We know already," said the Chairman, superior, "the main facts which you are going to lay before us. We are met to-day in order to discuss our action in view of these facts. There has been a conspiracy of a very artful and ingenious character. It has been successful so far through the action of a woman. By the action of the same woman it is sought to make restitution. The hand of justice, however"—

"Perhaps," said the lawyer, "you will oblige me by allowing me to read the letter."

"Pray read it"—the Chairman bowed—"though I do not suppose it will add to the information we already possess."

"Gentlemen"—the lawyer read—"You will be surprised and pained to learn that I am not—as you were given to understand—dead; but, on the other hand, living and in the enjoyment of rude health. I see no reason why my life should not be prolonged to threescore years and ten."

"The claim, therefore, which you sent in to the Royal Unicorn Life Insurance Company was fraudulent. It was the result of a deep-laid conspiracy. You have been made the innocent accomplice of a great crime."

"My wife, who now knows the whole truth, is most anxious for restitution to be made. She is about to restore that portion of the money which lies in her name. The rest will be sent back by myself, on certain conditions."

"In communicating the fact of my being still alive to the head of my family you will please also to inform him that I authorise the discontinuance of the premium. This will save the family £300 a year. This will be a solatium to him for the fact that his brother still lives to disgrace the name. If I should die before the next premium is due I order my heirs not to claim the money.—I remain, Gentlemen, your obedient servant,

"HARRY NORLAND."

"The premium which should have been paid under ordinary circumstances," said the Secretary, "was due six weeks ago. The policy has therefore expired."

"It is a characteristic letter," said the lawyer. "Lord Harry was born to be a trouble to his family. There has never been a time, so far as I remember, when he was not a trouble and a disgrace. Hitherto, however, he has avoided actual crime—at least, actual detection. Now, I suppose, the game is up. Yet, gentlemen, the letter is not that of an utter villain."

"He will not be caught," observed the Chairman. "The letter is from too cool a hand. He has prepared a retreat. I dare say by this time he is in some safe and convenient disguise. We are only concerned—are we not?—for the moment with the lady. She has received the money from you. We paid it to you on your representations."

"Observe," said the lawyer, "that the moment she learns the truth she hastens to make restitution."

"Humph!" said the Director, turning over Lord Harry's letter so that the lawyer should not be able to read the contents. "Have you seen her?"

"I have not. I expect to do so before long. She will certainly call upon me."

"She will be ill-advised," said the Chairman, "if she calls upon anybody just at present. Well, sir, I confess that I am sorry—every member of this Board would be sorry—to see that lady placed in the dock beside her husband."

"In the interests of the noble family concerned I hope that neither of them will be placed in the dock."

"Do you know who is the other man—the second principal?"

"I can guess. I do not know, however, where he is. All I know is what I have communicated to you—the contents of this letter."

"One would like to get hold of the other man," said the Chairman. "Presumably he does not belong to a noble family. Well, sir, I don't know what may be done; but this Company cannot, I repeat, compound a felony."

"Certainly not. Most certainly not. At present, however, you have got very little to go upon. And unless evidence is forthcoming"—

"We will not discuss that part of the business," said the Chairman. "A conspiracy has been undoubtedly entered into. We may be compelled to bring an action of some kind against your firm, Mr. Erskine. As regards the lady, if she is guilty"—

"No—no," said the lawyer, "upon my life! Sinned against—not guilty."

The Chairman folded up Lord Harry's letter and gave it to the Secretary.

"We are much obliged to you, sir, for your prompt action. It is, of course, only what we should have expected of your firm. Meantime, remember that the claim was made by you, that you received the money, and—but we will communicate with you in a few days."

The Secretary wrote such a letter as was suggested. By return of post a cheque was sent, signed by one William Linville, for the sum of eight thousand pounds. The Company had, therefore, recovered thirteen out of fifteen thousand pounds. The secretary had another interview with Mr. Erskine, the result of which was that the company recovered the remaining two thousand pounds.

Every firm of solicitors contains its own secrets and keeps them. Therefore, we need not inquire whether it was intended that this money should be paid by the firm or by the noble family to which Lord Harry Norland belonged. It is, however, certain that a few days afterwards Mr. Hugh Mountjoy called at the office and had a long conversation with the senior partner, and that he left behind him a very big cheque.

The subject has never been brought before the Directors again. It was, indeed, privately discussed, and that frequently. Perhaps the story was whispered about outside the Board-room. These things do get about. There has been, however, a feeling that the thing, which would have been perfectly successful but for the conscience of a woman concerned, may be repeated with less tender consciences, and so the Companies be defrauded. Now the wickedness of the world is already so great that it needs no more teaching to make it worse. On the whole, the less said the better.

Besides, the tragic event which happened a day or two later effectively prevented any further step. That in itself was sufficient to wipe out the whole business.

(To be concluded in our Next.)

NEW TALE BY WALTER BESANT.

In "The Illustrated London News" for Jan. 4, 1890, being the first Number of a New Volume, will be commenced a Romance of To-day, by Walter Besant, entitled "Armored of Lyonsesse."

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

On Thursday, Dec. 12, a meeting of this institution was held at its house, John-street, Adelphi, London, Colonel FitzRoy Clayton, V.P., in the chair. Mr. Charles Dibdin, the secretary, having read the minutes of the previous meeting, rewards amounting to £308 were granted to the crews of life-boats of the institution for services rendered during the past month. The Newburgh life-boat rescued seven of the crew of the brig Olga of Rönne, which was totally wrecked in a very heavy sea; the Thurso life-boat safely landed the crews, numbering nine men, from the schooners William Jones of Carnarvon and Sylph of Beaumaris; the Clovelly life-boat saved the crew of three men from the ketch Ark of Bridgwater, which was in danger during a gale; and the Hayle life-boat saved the crew of three men from the stranded ketch Minerva of Bridgwater. The Lowestoft No. 2, Kingsdowne, Lydd, Caister No. 2, Staithes, Tyrella, and Workington life-boats rendered the following services: sloop Richard and Francis of Goole and steamer Cortoba of Havre, remained by vessels; schooner Minnie Elkin of Carnarvon and brigantine Charles of Great Yarmouth, saved vessels and crews, twelve; fifteen Staithes fishing-cobles, rendered assistance; Fly of Preston, put a pilot on board, and Lady Eglinton, saved vessel and crew. Rewards were also granted to the crews of shore-boats for saving life on our coasts. Payments amounting to £2256 were also ordered to be made on the 293 life-boat establishments of the institution. £1259 6s. has just been received from gentlemen on the Stock Exchange, per Mr. Patterson Nickalls, Mr. Robert Escombe jun., and Mr. William Newall, to defray the cost of the formation of the Port of Ness new life-boat station and its maintenance for two years. The boat is to be named the "Stock Exchange," in compliance with the wishes of the donors. The institution has also recently received the following other special contributions: A lady, further on behalf of the endowment of the Whitburn Life-Boat Station, £100; "A Country Friend," £100; Independent Order of Oddfellows (M.U.), in aid of the support of their life-boat, £71 11s.; collections from seamen, per "C.L.," £55; trustees of the late Mrs. Elizabeth Douglas of Barnes, £52 13s. (additional); "In memory of my dear husband, Charles Geo. Homer," £50; and collected by teachers and scholars of the Leatherhead Congregational Chapel Sunday-school, per Mr. Frank E. Seccombe, £5 1s. 3d. The Ballantrae and Penmore life-boats have been returned to their stations after being altered and fitted with all modern improvements. Reports having been read from the deputy chief inspector and the district inspectors of life-boats on their recent visits to life-boat stations, the proceedings terminated.

Messrs. R. Napier and Sons launched at Glasgow, on Dec. 10, the Thames, being the third of four steel screw-steamers of 5600 tons, for the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, London.

A mass meeting of those interested in Dr. Barnardo's Homes was held at Exeter Hall on Dec. 10. Sir Arthur Blackwood presided, and said that the rescue work of the institution had been carried on for twenty-three years, and that 14,500 children had been admitted. Dr. Barnardo said that the key to his homes was destitution, not creed. Resolutions expressive of confidence in the management and work of the homes, and urging that some change in the law was needed, were adopted.

The London County Council have given their approval to a Bill prepared by the Parliamentary Committee to enable the Council to carry out the proposed Strand improvement, including the removal of the south side of Holywell-street. The Bill contains a provision that owners of property within a specified area should be required to contribute towards the expense of the improvement in proportion to the enhanced value of their property due to the improvement.

The Duchess of Cleveland opened a bazaar at Hastings on Dec. 10 in aid of the Hastings and St. Leonards Hospital. Three thousand pounds are required to clear off the debt of the institution, about £20,000 having been already raised. There were present the Marchioness of Abergavenny, Lord Brassey, the Hon. Alhutt and Lady Idina Brassey, Colonel Brookfield, M.P., and Mrs. Brookfield, Mr. Wilson Noble, M.P., and Mrs. Noble, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Egerton, and Sir Robert and Lady Head.

At the Leeds Smithfield Cattle Show, which opened on Dec. 10, the £700 offered in prizes brought together 1395 entries. In sheep, the Prince of Wales was successful in taking the first prize with a choice pair of Southdowns. The first prize in cattle was awarded to Sir John Swinburne, who exhibited a splendid roan, which was also awarded the ex-Mayor's prize for the best animal in the show-ground. Lady Mary Vyner of Ripon carried off the principal prize for cross-bred and Irish cattle, and the Marquis of Londonderry first honours in the cow or heifer class, Sir R. Tempest being second, and Mr. R. Newcombe of Bedale third.

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THE EX-EMPRESS OF BRAZIL.

On Saturday, Dec. 7, their Majesties Dom Pedro de Alcantara, the deposed Emperor of Brazil, and the Ex-Empress Theresa, with their daughter, Princess Isabel, Countess d'Eu, and her husband, Prince Louis d'Orléans, Count d'Eu, son of the Duke de Nemours, and grandson of the French King Louis Philippe, and with the other members of the Brazilian Imperial family, arrived at Lisbon. They had left Rio de Janeiro on Nov. 17, in the steam-ship Alagoas, escorted a short distance by the Brazilian ironclad war-ship Riachuelo, by order of the new Brazilian Republican Provisional Government, headed by General Manuel Deodoro da Fonseca, in consequence of the revolution of Nov. 15. This seems to have been effected wholly by the small military garrison of Rio de Janeiro, supported by students of the colleges and others. The Emperor, who is a humane, generous, and enlightened man, refused to sign an act of abdication, or to accept the sum of half a million sterling offered him as compensation for the surrender of his rights as constitutional Sovereign, but yielded to force, and took his departure from Brazil with the briefest possible delay. Their Majesties were met, on board the steam-ship in the Tagus, by King Charles of Portugal, the Duke of Oporto, and the Portuguese Minister, Senhor Barros Gomes. On entering Lisbon they at once went to a church, the Pantheon de San Vicente, where the ex-Emperor prayed at the tomb of his father, the Emperor Pedro I., who abdicated the throne of Brazil in 1831. After visiting the Portuguese Royal family at the Palace of Belem, their Majesties went to the Hotel Braganza. It was expected that they would soon leave Lisbon for Paris, and take up their winter abode at Cannes, while the Count and Countess d'Eu would go on a visit to their relatives, the Duke and Duchess de Montpensier, in Spain.

Her Majesty the Empress, Donna Theresa Christina Maria, was born on March 14, 1822, daughter of the late Francis I., King of the Two Sicilies (Naples), and married the Emperor Pedro II. of Brazil on Sept. 4, 1843. Her only child is the Countess d'Eu, but she has several grandchildren.

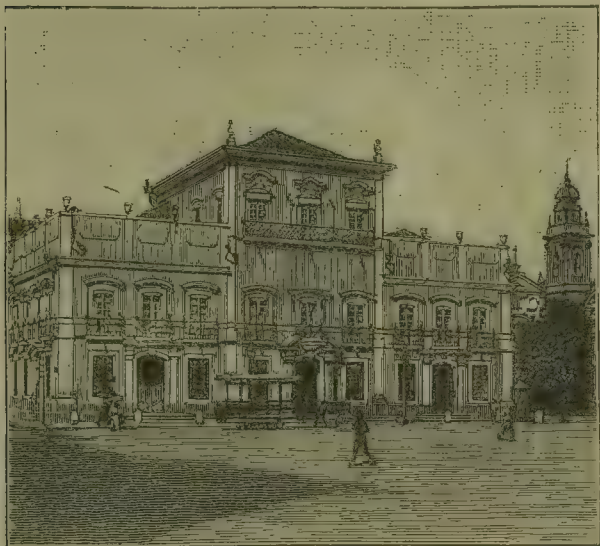
Our Portrait is from a photograph by M. Nadar of Paris.



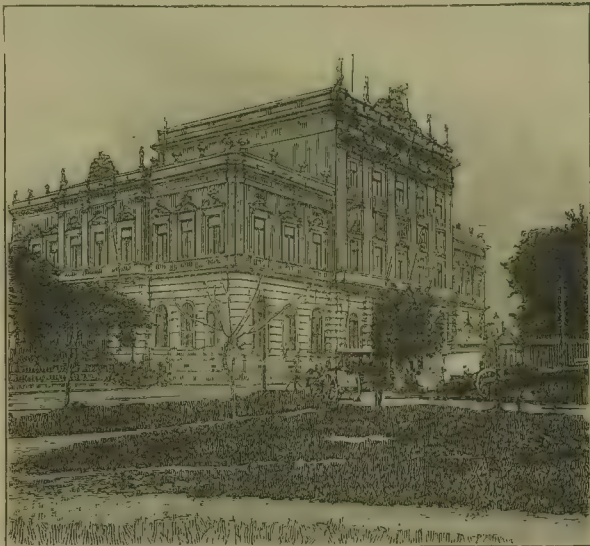
THE EX-EMPRESS OF BRAZIL.

THE REVOLUTION IN BRAZIL.

In the city of Rio de Janeiro, where are situated the Emperor's Palace of San Christoval, the Townhall, and the Barracks, the scenes of the revolution on Nov. 15, the overthrow of the Imperial Government was effected by surprise, without any military conflict; but it was attended with a deplorable act of violence, nearly costing the life of Baron Ladario, the Minister of Marine. It seems that General da Fonseca, the leader of the insurrection, with two regiments of cavalry and a battery of artillery, had surrounded the Santa Anna Barracks, where the Ministers, except the Minister of Marine, were assembled. The troops inside fraternised with those outside. The barrack gates were thrown open, and the Ministers witnessed Fonseca's triumphal entry and exit, saluted by the troops. The whole business was then practically over, but the Minister of Marine, coming at the head of a small body of sailors and marines, attempted to suppress what he believed to be a revolt of the infantry. At the barracks the marines fraternised with the rebels, who summoned the Minister to surrender, which he point-blank refused, attempting to draw a revolver, when he was immediately shot down by the soldiers in the presence of either General da Fonseca or of one of the latter's aides-de-camp. He received three wounds, but is said now to be recovering and out of danger. A number of sailors, it is stated, were killed in this affray. The people of the city took no part in the revolution. General Fonseca was supported not only by the troops but by about a thousand students, who had armed themselves with revolvers, rifles, and swords. These students threatened to shoot the Emperor and the Royal family, and a boat, with a crew of students, patrolled the harbour to intercept the Emperor on his embarkation two days afterwards. His Majesty and the Imperial family had been summoned from Petropolis, a short distance by railway from Rio de Janeiro, to be informed that his reign was at an end, as the army, navy, and people had decided for a Republic and he must quit Brazil within twenty-four hours. The Prime Minister, the Viscount de Ouro Preto, was ordered to death if he opposed the revolution.



THE OLD PALACE, IN WHICH THE IMPERIAL FAMILY WAS IMPRISONED.



CITY HALL, NEAR BARRACKS IN CAMPO SANTA ANNA, WHERE FLAG OF REPUBLIC WAS DISPLAYED.



THE EMPEROR'S PALACE OF SAN CHRISTOVAL, RIO DE JANEIRO.

THE REVOLUTION IN BRAZIL: SKETCHES AT RIO DE JANEIRO.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Have you ever observed, my "courteous constant reader," how things meet you in the world of thought with the same extraordinary coincidence that circumstances and events in life sometimes display? You make a phrase that seems to you happily to hit off the characteristics of some person: a few days afterwards somebody presents you with the identical words as having been uttered by another talker. You are thinking of writing on a novel subject, and suddenly the literature of daily life (your morning, evening, and weekly papers) begins to teem with allusions to that very topic. You have felt a little interest in an individual: all at once, her name seems to meet you on half a dozen lips, while previously you had never heard of her from anybody personally known to both. The same fact holds good in much more serious matters. There are times when certain discoveries seem to be in the air. Oxygen gas, the knowledge of which is at the bottom of much modern advance both in physics and physiology, was discovered simultaneously by two men—an English and a French savant. For five thousand years, at least, there were civilised men on earth, who found out many wonders, but could not comprehend the circulation of the vital fluid in their own frames; and almost at one time (though we like to believe that our own countryman, Harvey, was a little in advance) two men solved the difficult problem. Many people were much amused to be told in that entertaining ballet "Excelsior," which was given at Her Majesty's a few years ago by a live troupe, and a little later by the marionettes at the Italian Exhibition, that everything discovered or invented in the last three hundred years was the product of Italian brains. The claim was preposterous; but so many advances have been simultaneously made by separate minds in diverse countries, that the national pride has some foundation in facts for its arrogance. In short, there must be some mental law of the tides of which we are not aware governing human thoughts.

Well, now, was it not only last week that a correspondent set me thinking on what no woman, however strong-minded, would be ever likely to do, and that men constantly do; and I decided that the one thing is—display a bald head? I have since writing read an amusing illustration of the truth of my judgment. About a hundred and fifty years ago, the laird of Hylton, in Fifeshire, was expecting his son and heir, and accordingly was reflecting seriously on the education of youth. He at length told his wife that in his opinion it was a mistake to try to train children at all. It would be much better to let Nature take her own way; and he had decided that his heir should not be taught anything, nor even be thwarted in any taste, or corrupted in any habit. Need I add that when the expected heir was born it turned out to be a daughter? Never mind—Hylton kept to his theory, and Sophy Johnston accordingly grew up as untrained as a wild flower in the woods. Nature seemed to enter into the joke heartily; for Soph had a man's voice, with which she loved to sing a man's

bass song. Her favourite amusement was blacksmithing: she could shoe a horse better than any man in the shire, and her private apartment contained a forge, at which Soph spent much of her leisure time. Another pet occupation was trunk-making. She was a Nimrod in the field, and a Jehu on the box.

Soph Johnston, when a *vieille fille* of forty-five or so, established herself as a permanent guest in the castle of her father's friend, the fifth Earl of Balcarres, where her forge was fitted up for her, and she was allowed to do just as she liked. She had rich relatives in Gibraltar, none nearer; and she frequently said that she expected them to invite her to go to them, but added that nothing should make her leave her Balcarres friends. The two mischievous eldest girls of the house, Lady Anne (afterwards the author of "And Robin Gray") and Lady Margaret, thought it was a pity that Soph should not have an opportunity of proving her devotion to them in this way. So, as the expected invitation never came, they wickedly forged a letter in the name of the rich relations, begging Soph to go to Gibraltar. They intended, when she had written her refusal, to stop its being sent by revealing to her their little plot. But, to their horror, poor old gentlemanly Soph quietly posted a letter to her relatives accepting the invitation, and the unhappy girls knew not what she had done till she confided to the family that she had already begun to make her travelling-box, and had ordered herself a *new wig*—an article which she had been suspected of, but had never before confessed to wearing! So even poor Soph Johnston, with her man's boots, man's voice, man's songs, man's diversions, and with a smithy and a carpenter's bench in her boudoir, was not equal to displaying a bald head!

Mrs. Bernard-Beere's lovely "Empire" gowns in "La Tosca" are setting all society talking, and will no doubt give an impetus to the already strong fashion for Empire evening dresses. The most magnificent is one worn by Floria Tosca at the Royal reception in the palace. It is a long-trained robe of Chartreuse-green satin, elaborately embroidered with gold all round the long narrow train and up the sides, where it opens to show the petticoat of gold gauze. Clusters of solid golden grapes hang amid the embroidered leaves. The very low bodice, reduced to not more than a hand's-breadth of width above the gathered waist and gold girdle, is certainly not a pretty fashion; but the effect of sway and grace given to the figure by the waist being set so high is charming. Then there is a superb short-waisted long cloak of white satin, lined throughout sumptuously with gold plush, and edged with beaver. Another elegant gown has a white satin underslip, with one layer only of richly embroidered white gauze over it—the embroidery all rosebuds in a trelliswork. With this is worn a dark cloth mantle, and a big hat with upstanding brim trimmed inside with flowers; and a Directoire stick, adorned with ribbons, forms a pretty finish. The costumes are seen at their best on Mrs. Bernard-Beere, who is perfectly elegant in figure and gesture, and never becomes ungainly in her most rapid movements or in her most passionate moments. It is impos-

sible to believe that the actress gives an instant's thought to her own appearance in the stress of the excitement of that terrible, powerful play; but the grace is innate, and is the more perfect for its absolute unconsciousness.

Robert Browning, the great poet, whom many think the greatest of his time, is of no less unique fame in that he married a great woman who won praise in his own art and that he made her happy. Browning's women, the creations of his verse, show the high esteem in which he held the sex of which his own wife was so brilliant an ornament. Women to Browning are not feeble, characterless things, but flesh and blood, with wills and passions; and his sympathy with them was truly the gift of genius.

Mrs. Oliphant, in the prologue to her new novel in the *Lady's Pictorial*, has one of those acute social observations which she scatters to sparkle like diamond-dust over her web of story. She describes her vicar as endeavouring to make headway by his persuasion against the aversion to domestic service which has become *fashionable* among the girls of the working classes. There is a great deal in that remark. To get into "a good place" was once held to be a destiny which elevated a labourer's daughter a step in the social scale. Fashion in that "set" now regards such a position in the reverse light. Who can fight against fashion?

I regret to hear that the unworthy attempt to exclude women students from the Royal Academy art schools is about to be renewed. As most people know, admission to those schools is gained by competitive examination; and the result is that the number of women in the classes is exactly the same as that of the men. The life school—i.e. drawing from the nude model—an essential part of an artist's education, is still closed, and always has been denied to women. There is a constant, quiet agitation maintained by the lady students to secure admission there also; nor are they fairly treated so long as such a course, which every artist admits is necessary for drawing figure subjects correctly, is denied to one sex and provided for the other. But whenever the agitation for a "female life class" appears likely to succeed, it is met by a counter demand for the exclusion of women from the Academy Schools altogether. As they succeed equally with men in passing the necessary preliminary test, their opponents are reduced to declaring that test valueless. They say that the women who pass the test so well do not distinguish themselves afterwards. "There has been no woman artist who would have been elected an R.A. in the last quarter of a century," they aver. The fact that Rosa Bonheur's pictures bring higher prices than those of any other living painter may perhaps be ruled out of the argument, as she is not an Englishwoman. But Miss Thompson's vigorous battle pieces, Mrs. Allingham's and Miss Montalbo's landscapes, Mrs. Jopling's portraits, Mrs. Henrietta Rae's nude figures, Mrs. Alice Havers' "subject" pictures, Miss Mutrie's and Miss Youngman's flower pieces, and many others that might be mentioned, make such wholesale depreciation of living women artists quite absurd. FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.



TIPPOO-TI'S GRAND CANOES GOING DOWN THE CONGO.



A BA-YANZI VILLAGE ON THE CONGO.



TRAVELLING IN A HAMMOCK IN WEST CENTRAL AFRICA.

THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION. TIPPOO TIB'S GRAND CANOES ON THE CONGO.

There are pictures which sufficiently tell their own story. The illustration of Tippoo Tib's grand canoes going down the Congo is a case in point. It has been said that the war correspondent of the future will be the artist who also possesses something of the quick journalistic gift of literary composition. The general reader can take in a scene with far better comprehension of its meaning and detail from a picture than he can from pages of even the most elaborate description. Journalism, it must be confessed, has long been moving forward in the direction of this prophetic forecast of the coming war correspondent; and from time to time—more especially during the war in the Soudan—the *Illustrated London News* has given rare examples of what can be done with a rapid sketch drawn on the spot.

Very suggestive of power is the Tippoo Tib flotilla, with its Arab commanders and their sturdy slaves—picturesque and indicative of rule. The great canoes are from sixty to a hundred feet in length; and yet they are no more than "dug-outs" such as those constructed even by the most savage tribes. In the Eastern seas, among the Malays, and on every lake and river of the primitive races, the dug-out is the canoe of the country. The Arab canoes of our illustration are large trees hollowed by axe and fire; the centre is roofed in like a hut, lapping well over the sides, however, so as to give ample draughtway. The covering is made of the Kanika cloth. Immense quantities of goods can be stored away beneath this atnap, or awning, which is in every way well protected in respect of the dangers of both navigation and weather. What the stress of those may be, Mr. Stanley describes in his account of the cunning policy of the Arabs in their descent of the Falls, as exemplified in their treatment of the hardy and courageous Wanya tribe. They made their approaches slowly towards the Falls, and have achieved their successes even since 1878, after Tippoo Tib's return from Nyangwé from escorting Stanley to Vinya Njara. "They thus obtained access to a large island between the Falls, from which, by dint of leniency and almost affection for the Wanya fishermen, they could descend from Nyangwé to the Upper Falls, and, surrendering their canoes into the hands of the Baswa tribe, they could march overland to Asama Creek, while the Baswa fishermen, through their intimate knowledge of the channels, floated the canoes safely down." Embarking thence, the Arabs were thus enabled to descend from the Fifth Cataract to the Sixth, while the Wane Rukura fishermen floated the canoes past their cataract. "Here they might safely embark for the Seventh Cataract of the Stanley Falls, where the Wanya fishermen stood ready to navigate them safely through the channels to the head of the navigation leading to the Stanley Pool. On their return with their forcibly obtained booty, a few slaves which they were glad to be rid of sufficed to pay the Wanya, Wane Rukura, and Baswa tribes for their trouble of passing their flotilla up in safety to the quiet river leading to Nyangwé." The character of the cataracts, and the daring with which the Wanya carry on their business as fisherfolk, are among the most exciting of Mr. Stanley's chapters in his second volume of "The Congo Free State."

The Arabs are diplomatic as well as warlike; kind where needs must, as well as cruel where they have nothing to gain from conciliation. The fisher tribes, with whom they have made friendly alliances, are impregnable situated against hostile attack, either from native neighbours or marauding Arabs. Their bulwarks are the roaring torrents which surround them. "They are," says Stanley, "an industrious and inventive people. In the streets of their villages the fishermen attend the lines of curing-platforms; the old men are weaving purse-nets and sieves; the able-bodied men are at basket-work, while others weave rattan hawfers. The women are preparing bread, grinding camwood, sifting meal, pounding corn, or making crockery. On the waterside are the canoe-wrights, doing odd jobs—binding a split bow, a split stern, or a leaky crack, or perhaps cutting out a decayed part and preparing a piece of plank to replace it." The chances are that, but for their impregnable position, with their mastery of the navigation of the rapids, and the courage begot of its necessity for food and life, the Arabs would long ago have raided their villages and taken forcible possession of all they might require; for the Arabs recognise no law, human or divine, outside their own authority. Associated with the Manyema slave-hunters, they have now and then, when diplomatically inclined, possibly been unable to restrain these savage allies on occasions when policy might have made it desirable to do so.

This flotilla, for example, which you see swinging down the Congo with the stream—only needing to be steered by the dusky paddlers—will have its fixed station for the day's rest; here at the sunset hour the Arab will spread his little carpet, say his prayers, take his evening meal, and sleep; but supposing he does not reach the appointed spot in time, and some native village is more convenient, he will take up his quarters there, first raiding it, possibly making slaves, capturing ivory, or satisfying his trading propensities in some way or other. Peaceful as the flotilla looks, it will be noticed that the Arabs carry their ready rifles for offence or defence—watched, where they are on sufficiently friendly terms to approach the river, by natives on the bank, their simple weapon the spear, their simple defence the shield. Mr. Werner and other recent travellers speak in terms of enthusiasm of the scenery of the Congo, and compare it, indeed, with other famous waterways, to the disadvantage of the most magnificent rivers. Stanley himself led the way in these glowing descriptions. Talking of comparisons, which naturally occur to the reader, Stanley exclaims, "Why, the Rhine, even including its most picturesque parts, is only a microscopic miniature of the Lower Congo; but we must have the Rhine steamer, and its wine and food and accommodations, to be able to see it properly. The Mississippi? The Congo is one and a half times larger, and from eight to ten times broader. You may take your choice of nearly a dozen channels, and you will see more beautiful vegetation on the Congo than on the American river." Besides, there are its crocodiles, its hippopotami, its elephants—"standing sentry-like in the twilight"—its buffaloes, red and white, its parrots, its flocks of ibis, and a thousand other things that are novel and picturesque. "And as for towns," says the great explorer, "I hope the all-gracious Providence will bless our labour, and they will come by-and-by; meantime, there is room enough to stow half Europe comfortably on its spacious borders." The Nile, the Danube, the Volga, the Amazon, Stanley knows them all; and the Congo is still his king of rivers.

As for the towns, of course they will come. The Conference at Brussels will hasten them. When the Arab trader floats his grand canoes down the Congo, only bent on legitimate trade, towns will arise in plenty. The native on the Congo only requires security to be friendly, peaceful, and industrious. It is the Arab with whom the Great Powers have to deal. But there is one thing above all others which should not be forgotten at Brussels, and which, of course, will not be forgotten: it is not simply in the interior of Africa, nor on the seas, that slavery has to be attacked, but it is at the market

at home. If there were no market for slaves, there would be no slave-hunting; there would be raids for ivory—these could be minimised by judicious aid given to certain tribes, and by treaties with the Arabs, but not without well-equipped stations and troops at central places. All this, however, would come in time; but now, do the readers of the *Illustrated London News* remember Mr. Woodville's superb double-page picture of "The Slave Market at Morocco," which appeared Feb. 18, 1888, and the descriptive letterpress that accompanied it? The public and the Governments of the Great Powers have to be reminded that these Eastern markets are supplied by Tippoo Tib and his contemporary chiefs; that the flotilla floating down the Congo has its distant link of communication with such markets as that of Morocco. "On the occasion of our visit," says Mr. Woodville, "there were sixty or seventy slaves to be sold, most of them young girls of from twelve to sixteen, with a few young men of eighteen or twenty, and some older slaves, who were cooks, or were skilled in some trade. They came from the Equatorial provinces—Darfour and Bahr-el-Ghazel—and even from as far south as Lake Nyassa. They had fine faces and thin lips, and were of an intense blue-black colour." In Morocco, slaves appear to be remarkably well treated—that is the only consolation one gets out of Mr. Woodville's graphic pen-and-ink and pencil pictures: but the dark side of his gleam of light in the life of these poor creatures is to be found in every book of Central African travel, and more particularly in Stanley's own descriptions of Arab raids on native villages—an instance of which was seen by the unhappy English officers at their fatal Aruwimi Camp, the lawless Manyema caring nothing for the opinion of the white Chiefs in whose service they were to be employed. One of them shot Captain Barttelot, to whom Mr. Stanley entrusted the fortunes of the rearguard and the supplies which Tippoo Tib's porters were to have carried on Barttelot's march towards Wadelai.

HAMMOCKS AND THE BA-YANZI PEOPLE.

I do not think, in all the books written by Stanley on the "Dark Continent," we find any particulars about travelling in hammocks. It is possible I may have overlooked some passage in which the famous pioneer is fain to continue a difficult journey by the aid of carriers. But it seems to me, as a rule, that when Stanley could not walk he has remained, not sulking in his tent, but waiting to get better. One hears little of his fevers and the other ailments that come from tropical travel; and one generally pictures him marching with his companions, controlling and encouraging his forces, making friends with his enemies or fighting them when they compel hostilities, always the hero, always active, always at work. I do not say this intending to cast reflections upon other travellers in Africa. But my correspondent with Stanley having left me no notes for these two current pictures of hammock-travelling on the west coast and the Ba-yanzi village on the Congo, I have to seek different sources of information; and I find them chiefly in the truthful records of my friend Mr. H. H. Johnston, and in the book of Mr. Werner, with scattered notices elsewhere.

When, in the month of October 1882, Mr. Johnston left Loanda to carry out his long-cherished idea of visiting the river Congo to study its little-known natural history, having obtained a passage on a Dutch steamer, he proceeded along the coast towards Ambriz, the last possession of the Portuguese province of Angola. Here he left the steamer to journey some distance in a hammock, in order to gain a closer acquaintance with the character of the country that borders the sea. After some delay he started, and his description of the comfortable, half-drowsy state which the swaying motion of the hammock produces, is almost as soothing as distant sheep-bells in a pastoral English country. A very different experience this from that of the fever-stricken traveller, racked with pain and depressed by illness. Mr. Werner's first view of hammock-travelling in Africa was meeting Herbert Ward being carried into Lukunga on account of ulcers upon his feet; and the sight was all the more depressing, as his friend had to tell him the sad news of the death of poor Jameson. Werner had had a short bout of fever in a hammock, and the comfort of being carried when at last you discover that you can walk no more cannot, of course, be estimated. In this week's illustration, however, it is the well and capable traveller who is taking his ease in his hammock, his attendant porters also carrying his luggage, as most things are carried in Africa, on their heads. They are on their way to the nearest station of the Free State founded by Stanley under the auspices of the enterprising King of the Belgians.

Consult your maps of the Congo region, and you will find marked at the mouth of the Wabuma River the Ba-yanzi tribes. Hereabouts is the Ba-yanzi village of our illustration—the first fixed settlement, Mr. Johnston tells us, of the tribe to be encountered on a journey up the Congo. It is very picturesque as seen from the water—"a broad lane leading up to a grove of oil-palms and bananas, with compact and tidy-looking houses interspersed among them; but the favourable impression is rather spoilt on landing by the horrible black fetid mud strewn with decaying offal that one has to cross." The people are a finer-looking race than any Johnston had seen on the Congo. Some of the men are "perfect Greek statues as regards their splendid development and pose of their figures." They are also remarkable for their great development of hair. In the first series of these Congo papers, in the *Illustrated London News* of Sept. 10, 1887, will be found a somewhat extended account of the Ba-yanzi people from a description written by Mr. Glave, a young Congo comrade and officer of Mr. Stanley during his third pilgrimage into the Dark Continent. This interesting narrative accompanied a double-page of illustrations published at the time from sketches by Glave and Ward. The Ba-yanzi have certain cruel customs, but are in many respects much superior to some other natives of the great river. They make excellent pottery, knives, hatchets, articles of furniture and other things, which they sell to the Ba-teke and the Wa-buma. They are fond of music, and have a native instrument of the dulcimer class, upon which they produce not unpleasant harmonies. They are clever fishermen, and cultivate fruit and vegetables, tobacco, manioc, and other products, in which they do a fair trade. According to ethnologists, they are not of the negro race, but belong to the "Bantu" family, which includes the people around Lake Tanganyika and Lake Nyassa, in Eastern Africa, and on the Zambesi. They are well shaped and tall, as will be gathered from Mr. Ward's figure (a photograph), for which the models, as will be seen, posed themselves with marked interest in the traveller's proceedings, and the result was most satisfactory; the time, towards sunset, the pot stewing the evening's meal on the wood fire. They often treat their hair very decoratively, as has previously been shown in these pages (notably on Oct. 27, 1887), the figures in the present Number being in contrast to the full dress of the Ba-yanzi warriors, who are mentioned by Mr. Stanley for the twisted horn-like dressing of their polls. A similar fashion obtains at Bolobo, which famous Congo station is in the midst of the Ba-yanzi country.

JOSEPH HATTON.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY SCHOOLS.

Every alternate year the gold medals and travelling studentships are added to the prizes awarded by the Council of the Royal Academy, and on the same occasion the President delivers an address dealing with some phase in the history of Art. This year both the works of the competitors and Sir F. Leighton's address were of more than usual interest. We will begin with the pictures, expressing at the outset our regret that custom does not allow the names of the unsuccessful competitors to transpire. Of the three gold medals, that for architecture was not awarded, the subject selected for competition, "Public Baths," suggesting that the Council of the Royal Academy were anticipating too much in advance any probable action of our County and Municipal Councils. We are, nevertheless, thankful to the Royal Academy for having stimulated young artists to turn their thoughts in a direction where they will, sooner or later, be followed by public opinion.

The subject chosen for the historical painting competition—which corresponds with the Prix de Rome of the French School of Fine Arts—was an "Episode of the Deluge," a subject giving abundant scope for imagination and freedom for composition. In judging the works of young artists, these are the qualities which will commend themselves most strongly to the critic. Technique, deftness, and even colouring can only come with wide and constant experience; and we can therefore endorse the decision arrived at in favour of Mr. Herbert James Draper's work, although we are forced to say that the picture facing it, on the opposite wall, has many qualities which deserved the recognition of the judges. Mr. Draper chooses for his subject the mingled dismay and rage of a group which, having taken refuge in the topmost caves of some high mountain, find the waters steadily rising and rendering all hopes of flight and escape hopeless. There is certainly no feeble concession to mere beauty of form and pose in any of the figures; but that of the seated woman in the foreground, huddled up in mute despair, has very decided force, while there is something of tragic dignity in the efforts of the man in the background, who recognises the impossibility of scaling the rocks which still tower above them.

The Gold Medal and Studentship (£200) for sculpture is honestly won by Mr. W. Goscombe John for his simple group "Parting"—the dead son being taken from the knees of his grief-stricken father. The contrast between the limp dead body of the youth, cut off in the prime of manhood, and the tension of the nerves and muscles of the old father belongs to a far higher order of art than we are accustomed to in modern English sculpture. Two years ago we had occasion to refer to Mr. Goscombe John's successes in a less important competition, and we are glad to find that he has fulfilled the promise he then gave.

The two other important prizes of the year for painters are the Turner Gold Medal and Scholarship (£50) and the Creswick Prize (£30). Both are awarded for landscape work—and both on this occasion were carried off by ladies. The theme of the Turner prize was "Hail, Smiling Morn"—which was carried off by Miss Ursula Wood—who took for her subject the high-pitched roof of a barn on which the rising sun's rays were just wakening up the clustering pigeons, and filling with rich light its deep recesses and weather-beaten tiles. Mr. Frank Dickson's *proxime accessit* showed how close was the competition for this prize; and his rendering of the early dawn in early spring over a wide stretch of country was very successful, and boding of future success. The "Angler's Haunt" was the subject of the Creswick prize, which Miss Elizabeth Nichol carried off with a very good bit of river scenery—well-painted trees, and a better sense of atmosphere than many older artists display. Here again the competition was unusually keen, showing how real and strong is the attachment of our young painters to landscape. With some of them the desire to expend an unnecessary amount of colour upon their work is an ardour which will soon be toned down, and which need not lead astray those who indulge in it in early life. Miss Nichol further carried away the first silver medal for a painting of a head from the life. For the Creswick prize, too, Miss Helen Margaret Plews deservedly received a *proxime accessit*, there being but little to choose for good honest work between the two, both having brought into the studio a vivid sense of what they had seen out of doors. Another important prize (£40), that for a decorative frieze, also fell to a lady—Miss Gertrude Demain Hammond—whose "Harvest Festival," conceived very much in the Tadema spirit, displays a nice sense of colour with great vivacity of movement. Among the other prizes should be mentioned Mr. P. R. Montford's "Lady Macbeth" (silver medal and £25), a stately study of a draped figure, but making her very old as well as careworn; Mr. Gerald Edward Moira's "St. Peter's Denying Christ," a design in monochrome, which carried off the Armitage Prize (£30) and Bronze Medal; Mr. Maud's, Mr. Percy Short's, and Mr. Carlill's studies from the life figure.

The graceful drawing of a woman's head in chalk by Miss Florence Hannam won the first silver medal, and to Miss M. Clarkson's study the second was awarded. Mr. Guy Broun-Morison's drawing of a group is not only a promise but the realisation of good work. Mr. J. Wenlock Rollins's set of three models of a figure from life, and the model of a design for the "Finding of the Body of Abel" by Mr. H. C. Fehr, who also obtained a well-earned *proxime accessit* for his composition in sculpture, where Mr. Goscombe John carried off the first honours, are among the other noteworthy products of a year in which the level of the work is exceptionally thorough and promising.

During the month of November the officers of the Fishmongers' Company seized at Billingsgate Market thirty-five tons of fish as unfit for human food.

The annual meeting of the constituents of the Metropolitan Hospital Sunday Fund was held on Dec. 11 at the Mansion House. The Lord Mayor presided. Sir S. Waterlow, in moving the adoption of the report, congratulated the meeting on the success which had attended the fund during the past year. June 8 was fixed for the Hospital Sunday of 1890.

The tenth Annual Exhibition of Home-made and Other Toys, for distribution among the children in the London hospitals, workhouses, workhouse schools, and infirmaries, was held in the Grosvenor Gallery, Bond-street, on Dec. 16 and 17. From the returns which have come to hand it appears that there are over 22,000 children in these various institutions, and it is intended to give each of them a separate toy for his or her own use, besides the large and more expensive toys which are presented to the various hospitals and workhouses for the general use of the inmates. There were therefore 23,000 to 24,000 toys on exhibition. A special feature of this year's show was the 4000 dolls which were dressed by lady readers of *Truth*, in connection with the competition for prizes for the best-dressed dolls. Several special donations in connection with the fund have been made—the principal of which is that of 10,000 new sixpences sent for distribution by the same liberal donor who gave a similar present on former occasions; while Mr. Tom Smith has made, and has forwarded for distribution, over 10,000 crackers.

DAT ARH OLE' CRISERMAS GOOSE



Goosy, goosy, goosy,
Jess' yo' come heah,
No. 2

Jess' u' go long an' catch
oh' ob dem ole gray gooses
an' l' choppin' haid off,
yo' hanny' want in
fo' crisermas dinnah
No. 1



Gomquity
clah de ole
Goose
No. 3



No. 8 Golly, somtin'gs broke



Hol' tight dah,
yo' blame higgah,
No. 5



No. 4 Hol' im tight dah,
an' done'u let in
juggle



Good mornin',

No. 6

Come out in dah.
Wha' fo' yo' leing o' dat goosy.

No. 9

Mammy, dat goose
smell splendid



No. 7

Now den,
we fix in a' lingo i' guess.

THE LATE COLONEL HEYLAND.

Colonel Arthur Rowley Heyland, Commander of the 1st Bombay Lancers, who was recently shot by a native soldier at Deesa, India, was a distinguished officer, with many friends both in England and in India. He commenced his military career at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and received his first commission on Dec. 31, 1858. In 1865 he was transferred to the Bombay Staff Corps, and on Oct. 19 of that year was appointed to the 1st Bombay Lancers. He obtained command of that regiment on Oct. 12, 1883. He held various Staff appointments, such as Military Secretary to the Governor of Bombay, Brigade Major, and Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General; served in the Afghan war, at the relief of Candahar, in the Zhob Valley expedition, and in the expedition to Burmah: was mentioned in despatches and promoted. The sad affair in which this officer lost his life is described in the *Times* as follows: "Great public sympathy is universally expressed for the widow of Colonel Heyland, who was recently shot at Deesa by a native soldier. From the latest particulars it appears that the man first shot two native officers; and, upon this being reported, Colonel Heyland rode up armed with a revolver, fired at the man, and missed him, and was shot in return. The man, upon being arrested, stated that one of the native officers had got him punished, and that he shot Colonel Heyland because he fired first at him, and that now they might hang him, as all was over. Few officers of the Bombay Army are able to show a record of more distinguished service than Colonel Heyland; and his loss is greatly deplored equally on public and private grounds." We may add that Colonel Heyland's brother, Lieutenant W. Heyland, R.N., was drowned a few years ago while endeavouring to rescue a man who had fallen overboard.

Our Portrait is from a photograph by P. Vuccino and Co., of Bombay.

At the annual rent audit of the Earl of Warwick a remission of 15 per cent was allowed on the rents of the agricultural tenants. This is in addition to several previous reductions during the past few years.

The Board of Trade have awarded their silver medal for humanity in saving life at sea to William Dyer, master of the steamer *Ben Voirlich*, of North Shields, in recognition of his services in rescuing the crew of the steamer *Black Watch*, of Cardiff, which foundered at sea on Nov. 11, 1888.



THE LATE COLONEL A. R. HEYLAND, 1ST BOMBAY LANCERS.

CHRISTMAS IN AUSTRALIA.

December at the Antipodes is the summer month corresponding to our English June. Christmas Day in Australia is an outdoor festival, and by far the larger number of Christmas parties are rural picnics. In Victoria, these are favourite resorts. It is difficult to conceive a scene or a party more unlike what we should associate with our idea of a family gathering on Christmas Day; but everything is turned topsy-turvy on that side of the globe, and summer reigns in all its glory there while winter nips and freezes the old folks at home. But the ancient traditions of our race are nowhere more dearly cherished than they are in Australia: so kindly thoughts and winged words still prevail, and, clasping hands of friendship across the sea, the cry is still "A merry Christmas to you all!"

In the journey from Melbourne to Sydney, the stations are somewhat far and wide apart, and for the convenience of squatters and others platforms have been erected at spots where the traffic would not warrant the expense of a station and its staff. Intending passengers, even when ladies and alone, have to be their own station-master, porter, and signalman all in one. A tin flag is provided and hung up in the shed; and the notice directs passengers to wave it, if they wish the express or any train to stop for them. Those represented in our Artist's Sketch may be on their journey to meet friends at a Christmas party.

Melbourne has, on the Yarra bank, a long series of busy wharves, accommodating many ocean-going steamers, coasting steamers, and steamers devoted to pleasure trips. It is one of the Christmas sights of its citizens to see the latter, coming in or leaving the wharves on short sea trips, looking in the brilliant sunshine like floating bowers, every portion of them possible being adorned with fern-leaves. Our Artist's Sketch was made last year on one of the boats running between Melbourne and Geelong, which is picturesquely situated on the shores of Corio Bay, and was, at one time, a rival city which promised to become the capital of the colony. It is now, however, very far from being that, having a population of about ten thousand only, whereas that of Melbourne is about three hundred and eighty-one thousand. The pleasure steamers of Melbourne are large fine boats, handsomely fitted up, with all due care for refreshing, feeding, and luxurious travelling, and are generally very liberally patronised, sea trips being specially in favour during the Christmas holidays.



CHRISTMAS EVE ON BOARD AN AUSTRALIAN PLEASURE STEAMER.



CHRISTMAS IN AUSTRALIA: STOPPING THE TRAIN TO GO TO A CHRISTMAS PARTY.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

A REMARKABLE HISTORY.

The story of the gall-flies related in last week's article reminds me of another very curious piece of insect-history which is well worth the telling, if only by way of illustrating the remarkable complexity of habits into which animals are now and then wont to fall. The subject of this history is a small beetle known under the name of *Sitaris*, and to M. Fabre, an ingenious and painstaking entomologist, we are indebted for the details of its life-phases. The *Sitaris* itself is in no wise a remarkable animal. It is a beetle of small size, which ranks among its near neighbours the blister-beetle and other familiar forms. To understand the story of this erratic insect we must begin by regarding the ways and works of another and different insect, a species of bee (*Anthophora*). In its mode of life this bee is peculiar enough. Away in Provence, M. Fabre tells us, there exists a hard sandstone whose strata are interspersed with softer layers; and within these softer layers the bee burrows, as a kind of insect quarryman. Its nests are found in the shape of these subterranean galleries, each gallery or passage leading to a cell intended for the reception of the bee's egg. Now, in the autumn season, the *Sitaris* beetle proceeds to the domicile of the bee. The latter has filled its stone cell with honey, on the surface of which floats its egg, the entrance to the nursery-chamber being thereafter duly plastered up. At the entrance of the bee's gallery the beetle lays its egg, and thus inaugurates a very singular course of events. The *Sitaris* egg is hatched out about the end of August or beginning of October, and the young beetle, an active grub with six legs of its own, appears on the scene.

Expectation might be aroused that, with a store of honey close by, the young beetle might begin its operations by an attack on the sealed nursery-chamber of the bee. But this expectation would be doomed to disappointment. All through the winter the young beetle lies, like Lazarus at the gate of Dives, uncomplaining and apparently forlorn. When, however, April comes, the youthful beetle awakens to activity: it searches about as if looking for food and lodgment, but nothing definite at first comes of its movements. The bees, meanwhile, have been also hatching out, the first of this race to appear being male insects. But, as if they had been prematurely born, these bees lie listless and cold at the mouths of their galleries, and therefore in close proximity to the young beetles, in whom they seem to have thus discovered comrades in adversity. The time and opportunity of the young *Sitaris* have now arrived. For it fastens upon the young bee, and is aided in its attachment by the claws with which its feet are provided. The beetle is, however, playing a waiting game: it is only using the young male bee as a stepping-stone to a more suitable position. The female bees next hatch out, and with their advent a new epoch begins for the beetle.

The female bees emerge from the nest and commence their work of storing honey and of preparing for the development of the next season's brood. To one of the mother-bees the young *Sitaris* beetle now transfers its attentions. It is watching for one event in bee-history—namely, the laying of the egg. When M. Fabre, puzzled at first to understand the behaviour of the young beetle, and supposing that all that it needed or demanded was food in the shape of the young bee or the honey, examined the nursery-cells of the bees, he found no indication of any attack from the beetle. When he offered the young beetle the larvas and chrysalides, the cells and the honey for food, it refused all. "Que voulez-vous donc, bestioles maudites?" remarked M. Fabre to the waiting beetles. Then came the revelation. The beetle was patiently watching, as we have seen, for the laying of the bee's eggs. When this process has taken place, the *Sitaris* springs upon it. The bee-mother, poor insect, fastens up her cell, with its egg and its honey, under the idea that all is well with her progeny; but she does not enjoy even the small satisfaction of locking the stable-door after the steed has been stolen, for she actually makes the thief and the robber secure and comfortable beside her innocent offspring. The young beetle sits on the egg floating amid the honey as upon a raft. It is, however, a raft which is destined to serve as food for its bearer. The beetle begins to devour the egg. The honey-store is, doubtless, food, and good food to boot; but what is enough for one is not sufficient for two: so the *Sitaris* devours the rightful heir to the honey-store, and in about eight days the bee's egg has vanished. On the empty shell of the egg, as if itself representing a kind of hollow mockery, sits the beetle; and here it exhibits an important phase in the changes of form through which its development is carried out. The honey-store now begins to be utilised by this insect-thief. The beetle becomes, in virtue of its feeding, a fleshy grub-like creature, which floats helplessly on the honey. Its mouth is buried in the sweet store, and the beetle, as M. Fabre remarks, seems to exist at the very verge of suffocation. Bit by bit the honey is consumed. It is the nutriment out of which the young beetle is forming and developing its future adult organisation. A few more changes of form occur, and a few moults evince the rapidity of its growth. Finally, in the month of August, comes forth the perfect *Sitaris* beetle, which, laying its eggs at the doors of the bees in the succeeding autumn, will cause its progeny to repeat the eventful history through which itself attained the fullness of life.

That these foregoing events constitute a very remarkable history is, I think, a fair description of their nature and purport. In its way, the record of the *Sitaris* development is more wonderful, one might hold, than the habits of the ants in respect of their entertaining stranger-insects, for example. Thus we find certain ants keeping the eggs of the aphides or plant-lice, so common on all plants, during the winter in their nests; the ants, as Sir John Lubbock tells us, treating "these eggs as if they were their own, guarding and tending them with the utmost care." In the case of our beetle, we see a far more complex habit wrought out to become part and parcel of the animal's development. What, at first, must have been a chance discovery—that of the honey-store of the bee—must have been subsequently complicated by the eating of the bee's egg, and by the passage of the beetle from the male to the female bee. There is an aspect of "biding its time" and of deliberate intent about the whole proceeding which teaches us clearly how a chance habit grows into an all-important phase of life. In respect of habit, however, it is the proverbial first step which is the only difficult one. Once inured to a certain way of life, and once appreciating that this way is a safe and easy one, the animal or plant soon adjusts its existence to the new surroundings. This is the reward of changing one's quarters with success, that you come into a more comfortable way of livelihood. The *Sitaris* beetle evidently mastered this art of change. Its history teaches us that beneath our footsteps, and all unknown to most of us, there are thus ways and works often equalling, if not exceeding, in the accuracy with which means are adjusted to ends, even the most clever artifices of "the paragon of animals" himself.

ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

MRS W J BAIRD.—Many thanks. Any others, equally good, will always be welcome.

E O GORMAN.—Next week or week after, if possible.

WALTER HOOPER.—We will endeavour to comply with your request. At the moment, however, we cannot lay our hands on Mr. Livesey's address.

F H BENNETT.—We are glad to see your name again in our list of contributors. The problem shall be duly reported.

J ROSS.—Parkins and Gatto to any large fancy stationer will supply your want.

W GRAVER.—Your problem is correct and clever, and shall appear very shortly.

G WALTER.—It has merit, but not quite up to publication standard.

F H JOYNSON.—The two games played by Mr Blackburne at Bridgnorth have got mislaid. Could you oblige us by forwarding fresh copies?

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2379 received from Rev John Wills (Harnstable, Mass.) and S Rover of No. 2381 from Dr F St, E G Boys, and Walter Hooper, of No. 2382 from H Beermann (Berlin), W Hooper, E G Boys, R F N Banks, F G Rowland (Shrewsbury), W F Payne, W Biddle, Captain Baldock, and W H D Henby.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2383 received from R H Brooks, G J Yeale, Fr Fernando, Martin F, J E Herbert (Ashford), E E H, Mrs Kelly, Dawn, Ellen Payne, Isabella Ballard, R F N Banks, Hereward, J T W, Ben Nevill, Jupiter Junior, W Wright, Julia Short (Exeter), T G Ware, Mrs W J Baird, W W West, J Ross (Whitley), R Worsley (Cambridge), Shadforth, A Newman, F G Rowland, E M Gray (daisy), B D Knox, E O Gorman, T Roberts, H B Hurford, J Coad, T Chown, Rev Winfield Cooper, A W Hamilton (Exeter), W F Payne, E London, E Parsons, Lieut-Colonel Lorraine, A W Rowntree, G Taylor, E Gasella (Paris), C E Perugini, J R Mithwaite, Mrs Wilson, E Bygott, John Chapman, W Hooper, Columbus, E J E Piffard, H L Castelli (Asford), Jesse Tucker, Minnie Treker, W Scott McDonald, W R Kailsh, W F Hooper, E Gannell (Haverhill), P H. A. Culyer, A H Wadden, Aubrey Le Blond, H De L, James Saxe, Jeff Goff, J S Thake, Monty, H Beermann, T C D C, F G Washington (Siden), E St J Crane, Donald Greenwell, H Cockell, W H D Henvey, H S B (Bashlev), J H Taylor, W N S, F S Cox, E Rogers, Dr F St, C M A B, G H Barns, Rev Leon r (Matson), W Biddle, S Rover, Mary Rowlands, James Paul, L Desanges, A Whitlam (Bridport), and P Arnold (Petworth).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2381.—By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

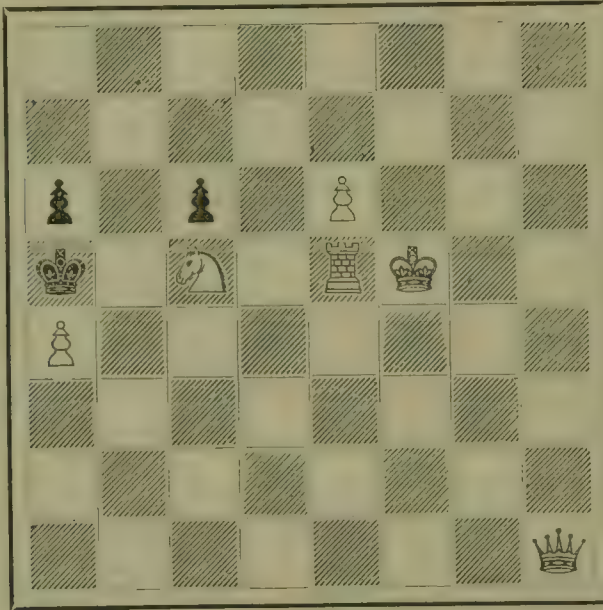
WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to R 6th. K takes P
2. Q to K 4th (ch). K takes Kt
3. Kt to R 7th, mate.

If Black play 1. K to K 6th, then 2. Q to B sq (ch); if 1. P takes P, then 2. Q to K 4th (ch), &c.

PROBLEM NO. 2385.

By W. BIDDLE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN CARLISLE.

Game played in the match Newcastle Chess Club v. Cumberland Association, between Messrs. J. BELLMAN and G. C. HEYWOOD.

(Two Knights Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. H.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. H.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	15. P to B 4th	P to B 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	16. P to Q 5th	B to B 4th
3. B to B 4th	Kt to B 3rd	17. Kt to R 3rd	
4. Kt to Kt 5th	P to Q 4th	Reserving the Q B 3rd sq for the Bishop.	
5. P takes P	Kt to Q R 4th	17. Kt to B 2nd	P to Q R 3rd
6. B to Kt 5th (ch)	P to B 3rd	18. Kt to B 2nd	B takes K
7. P takes P	P takes P	19. P takes B	Q takes P
8. B to K 2nd	P to K R 3rd		
9. Kt to B 3rd	P to K 5th		
10. Kt to B 5th	B to Q 3rd		
11. P to K B 4th	Q to B 2nd		

Mr. Steinitz, in his new work, recommends here P to K 4th, with the following highly ingenious continuation: 12. P to Q 4th; 13. Q to Q 2nd; 14. Q to Q 2nd; 15. P to Q 3rd; 16. B takes P; 17. B takes Kt, and wins.

So far all is "book play," and Black would have done better to continue here with the stereotyped move, 12. Castles, &c.

13. Castles. Castles.

14. B to Q 2nd. Kt to Kt 2nd.

CHRISTMAS CHESS NUTS.

Christmas is again upon us, and we present to our readers, as a slight addition to the good cheer of the season, our annual dish of chess nuts:—

By S. LOYD.

White: K at Q B 2nd, R at Q sq, Kt at K 2nd.
Black: K at Q R 8th, Kt at Q Kt 8th, P at Q R 7th. White to play, and mate in three moves.

By J. CROWTHER.

White: K at Q B sq, Q at K Kt 6th, R at K 7th; Kts at Q 4th and Q 8th; Ps at Q Kt 2nd, K 6th, and Q Kt 6th.
Black: K at Q B sq, Q at K Kt 6th, R at K 7th; Kts at Q 4th and Q 8th; Ps at K 6th, Q Kt 2nd, and Q Kt 6th. White or Black to play, and mate in three moves.

By JEFF ALLEN.

White: K at Q R sq, Q at Q R 7th; Rs at Q B sq and K B 5th; Kts at Q R 3rd and K R 6th; Bs at K Kt 7th and K R 3rd; Ps at Q B 3rd, Q Kt 5th, K 4th, and K Kt 3rd.
Black: K at Q R 3rd, Kts at Q R 3rd and K Kt sq, B at Q Kt 6th; Ps at K 2nd, K B 3rd, Q R 7th, Q B 7th, and Q R 5th. White to play, and mate in two moves.

By F. BENNETT (Queensland).

White: K at Q sq, Q at K Kt 2nd, R at K B sq; Kts at K B 3rd and Q 5th; Bs at K R sq and Q Kt 2nd; Ps at Q 2nd, Q B 2nd, Q 4th, and K R 3rd and 4th.
Black: K at K 5th, Q at Q Kt sq, Rs at K 7th, and K Kt 2nd, B at K B 5th; Ps at K Kt 3rd and K R 4th. White to play, and mate in two moves.

By F. BENNETT.

White: K at K B sq, Q at Q R 7th; Rs at Q B sq and K B 3rd; Kts at Q R 3rd and K 6th, B at K R 8th; Ps at K B 2nd and K R 3rd.
Black: K at K 5th; Kts at Q 2nd and Q 8th; Bs at Q B 3rd and Q Kt 7th; Ps at K 2nd, K B 2nd, K R 3rd, K B 4th, and Q B 5th. White to play, and mate in two moves.

In the great City Tournament of 140 members another week of hard fighting has made considerable changes in the prospects of the leaders. In No. 1 section Mr. Loman is still first with a score of 5½ out of 8; but Mr. Serrailier (the winner of last year's tournament) has almost caught him up with a score of 4½ out of 7. Then come the Rev. Mr. Sugden, Mr. Fazin, and Mr. Vyse, 4 out of 7 each; Mr. Mocatta, 4½ out of 8; and Mr. Hooke, 3½ out of 5. In No. 2 section (which, like No. 1, is composed of first-class amateurs) there have also been important changes. Dr. Smith is still leading with a score of 5 out of 6; but Mr. Eckenstein is almost abreast of him with 4 out of 5; Mr. E. O. Jones and Mr. Ross have made 4 out of 6 each; while Mr. Morlan and Mr. Howell have made 2½ out of 5 each. In all the other ten sections into which the players are divided, the contest is almost equally close.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 13, 1889), with a codicil (dated Aug. 2) following, of Colonel George Tomline, J.P., D.L., formerly M.P. for Sudbury, afterwards for Shrewsbury, and subsequently for Great Grimsby, late of No. 1, Carlton House-terrace, of Orwell Park, Ipswich, and of Riby Grove, Lincolnshire, who died on Aug. 26 last, was proved on Dec. 9 by the Rev. Frederick Pretymann and William Joseph Jarrett, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £353,000. The testator bequeaths £5000 each to the Rev. Frederick Pretymann, Colonel Ronald Lane, Colonel Cecil Lane, Viscount Dungarvan, the Hon. Robert John Lascelles Boyle, and the Hon. FitzAdelm Alfred Wentworth Boyle; £1000 each to his executor Mr. Jarrett, Robert Milnes Newton (police magistrate), Henry Smith (his agent at Orwell), and William Dodds (his agent at Riby Grove); £500 each to his butler (Henry Taylor) and his valet (William Howard), and annuities equal to the amount of their wages; £500 each to George Burrows (the captain of his yacht) and George Carr (shore-ranger at Felixstowe); £300 to Wallis, his gardener; one year's wages to each of his other servants; and £100 each to the East Suffolk Hospital and the Convalescent Hospital at Mabelthorpe. The pictures, sculpture, plate, and furniture at his mansion-houses at Orwell Park and Riby Grove, and the jewellery, &c., deposited at Coutts's are to be held as heirlooms with his said mansions. His town residence and his freehold stables in Wells-street and Babmaymews are directed to be sold, and the proceeds to go with his residuary personal estate. Orwell Park and Riby Grove, and all his freehold, copyhold, and leasehold properties in Suffolk, Lincolnshire, or elsewhere in England, are settled on Ernest George Pretymann, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons successively according to seniority in tail male. The residue of his personal estate is to be laid out in the purchase of freehold or copyhold property in the county of Suffolk, to go and be enjoyed with his other settled estate.

The will (dated July 24, 1886) of Mr. Siegmund Ochs, late of No. 83, Hatton-garden, merchant, who died on June 16 last, at No. 82, Avenue-road, South Hampstead, was proved on Dec. 10 by Albert Lionel Ochs and George Ochs, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £228,000. The testator bequeaths all his furniture, plate, pictures, books, wines, household stores and effects, horses and carriages, to his wife, Mrs. Wilhelmine Bertha Ochs, and he confirms the settlement made on their marriage, under which she will become entitled to one half of his property. He gives £1000 to his sons Albert Lionel and George, for charitable or other purposes, as they may think proper. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves as to one fourth for each of his said two sons, and one fourth each to his daughter, Rosic Caroline, and his son James Frank.

The will (dated July 14, 1885) of Mr. William Knowles, formerly of Ribblesdale House, Leigham Court-road, Streatham, and late of No. 48, Moorgate-street, and of Langley House, Slough, merchant, who died on Nov. 6, was proved on Dec. 11 by Mrs. Emma Letitia Knowles, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £120,000. The testator bequeaths £1000, and such of his jewellery as she may select to the value of £2000, to his wife; his pictures and prints to his wife, for life or widowhood; his furniture, plate, and household effects to his wife; and £2000 to be raised for each of his children on their respectively attaining twenty-one. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife for life or widowhood, she maintaining and educating his infant children and daughters until marriage. If she marries again, a fixed annuity of £500 is substituted for her life interest. The ultimate residue he gives to all his children.

The will of Mr. Frederick Fair, formerly of St. Andrews, North Britain, and late of No. 5, Elm-park-gardens, Chelsea, who died on March 9 last, at Monte Carlo, has just been proved by Miss Juana Harriot Fair, the daughter, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to over £65,000. The testator gives £300 to his wife, Mrs. Anna Amelia Fair, to provide mourning for herself and family; an annuity of £1000 to his wife, to be reduced to £500 on her marrying again; he also provides for her having the use and enjoyment of a furnished residence, for life; £100 and an annuity of £300 to Mrs. Jane Anne Willard; and the remainder of the income of his property, up to another £500 per annum, is to be paid to his wife. As to the residue of his property, he leaves two fifths to his eldest son, and three fifths between his other children.

Letters of Administration of the personal estate of Mrs. Elizabeth Steward Taylor, late of No. 15, Bryanston-square, who died on Nov. 3, a widow and intestate, were granted on Dec. 3 to Frank Taylor, the son, and one of the next-of-kin, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £43,000.

The will (dated Feb. 23, 1882), with a codicil (dated April 21, 1888), of Mr. Samuel Paynter, late of No. 5, Clifton-place, Brighton, who died on Oct. 8 last, was proved on Dec. 9 by the Rev. Francis Paynter and Thomas Fletcher Twemlow, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £38,000. The testator gives an annuity of £100 to Emily Frances Hamlin, if in his service at the time of his death; his furniture and effects (except some articles specifically bequeathed) to his sister, Dame Annie Maria Honeywood; his freehold house in Clifton-place, and also a freehold house in Crutched Friars, upon trust, for his said sister, for life; two freehold houses in Hanover-square, and some leasehold stabling, upon trust, for his brother, Henry Grosvenor Paynter, for life; and some other bequests. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his nieces and nephews, Annie Mabel Honeywood, Violet Constance Honeywood, Agnes Julia Emily Paynter, Edith Grosvenor Paynter, Ernest Grosvenor Paynter, William Frederick Paynter, and Ethel Mary Paynter, in equal shares.

The will (dated Jan. 23, 1882), with three codicils (dated Sept. 27, 1883; Oct. 7, 1884; and Oct. 9, 1888), of Mr. Ferdinand Jackson, late of Woodland House, Sutton, Macclesfield, Cheshire, silk manufacturer, who died on June 7 last, was proved at the Chester District Registry, on Nov. 11, by William Jackson, the son, and Thomas Jackson, the nephew, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £34,000. The testator leaves his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his children, in equal shares; the daughters of his deceased son Ferdinando to take their parent's share.

The will of Mr. Thomas Rousby Kendall, late of Timberscombe, Somersetshire, who died on Oct. 28 last, was proved on Dec. 10 by Charles James Rousby, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £17,000. The testator bequeaths £2000 each to the three children of his cousin Arthur Rousby, and £2000 each to the three children of his cousin Edward Rousby. Subject to the said legacies, he gives all his property to his cousin, the said Charles James Rousby.

In our abstract of Mrs. Charlotte Braithwaite's will given last week it should have been stated that "she leaves £800 (net £8000) as her daughter Anna shall appoint." Mr. Basil Braithwaite, one of the executors, is not a clergyman.

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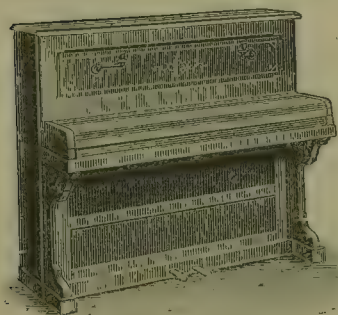
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CHRISTMAS LIGHTS.

Over the silent fields comes a shimmer of lights. Over the silent fields, down the hushed lanes, and through the stillness of leafless avenues—with strange undulations, now swelling and now sinking, now flickering here and there, as the winter wind creeps along the country side, and pauses in obscure corners to gather breath, as it were, for a fresh career—wavering, quivering, shimmering (there is no better word) reflections, which the wayfarers welcome gladly as they troop from manor-house, farm, and cottage to meet in the porch of the village church, and, before they cross the sacred threshold, bid one another "A Merry Christmas"—the old traditional greeting of generations of Englishmen. 'Tis Christmas Eve, and the joy-bells ring out on the frosty air as the worshippers file slowly into the sanctuary and take their accustomed places, while the lights shine upon the rich dyed windows and cover the pavement with various stains. And now the white-haired priest steps into his reading-desk; the hush of prayer falls for a moment on the kneeling congregation; an organ-peal of exultant music, and the sound of happy voices rises in the old familiar carol or the "Adeste fideles." And still the lights peer through the painted windows, with their figures of saint and prophet and martyr; over the silent fields, down the hushed lanes, and through the stillness of leafless avenues; as far as their feeble rays can reach, carrying the Church's message of hope and love, peace and goodwill to men. Year after year, since first the Norman builders reared their *Domus Dei* here, in the midst of the woodlands, have these Christmas lights heralded the "morn of morns" on which Christians love to commemorate the Nativity of their Lord. Storms of civil war have desolated

the land; dynasties have risen and fallen; vast changes taken place in the national temper, the national belief; but year after year have these Christmas Lights played about the vaulted roof, the sweeping arches, the massive columns; have thrown quaint shadows on the frescoed walls which tell the beautiful legend of St. Christopher, the Christ-Bearer; have flickered on the great east window, with its story of the Resurrection; have floated down nave and aisles; and year after year old age and youth have been guided to keep the Church's glorious festival by the Christmas Lights.

It seems a fitting thing that our celebration of the marvellous event which regenerated humanity and brought light out of darkness should be distinguished by the warmth and splendour of light. For then the *Lux Mundi*—the Light of the World—first shone upon man's sins and sorrows; and by our lamps and tapers we may be understood to signify the beauty and benediction of His coming. The mediæval artists, in their paintings of the Nativity, love to fill the humble cave or "manger" where the Incarnation was completed with "excess of light." So Milton speaks of "the rays of Bethlehem" before which the Powers of Evil made haste to disappear. Our human nature has an instinctive repugnance to the dark, and the idea of light is invariably associated with the idea of joy. Therefore our houses are now lit up with Christmas lights. The poorest scrapes up a few pence to place an additional candle on his table, an extra lump of coal on his fire. Every room in the houses of the well-to-do sparkles like a mine in Golconda, dazzling the eye by its unusual brightness. On buffets and mantelpieces, in corners, passages, and doorways, we are all aglow in honour of our "joyfulst feast." The children's tree glints with a hundred points of light, tiny coloured candles and burnished reflectors sparkling on every spray. The fire, with profuse

store of fuel supplied, burns like a Cyclops' eye. Though so many of the old traditional observances have passed away, and it is only here and there that "the merry, merry boys bring the Christmas log to the firing"—as in the days of Herriek—yet a roaring, cracking, crackling, boisterous fire is still held to be the soul and essence of the Yuletide festivity. "Light! Light!" cried Goethe, "more Light!" And "more Light!" is the demand of all Christmas merry-makers. Upstairs, and downstairs, and in the lady's chamber! The very pudding comes to the table with a blaze about it. Light—light everywhere! The Christmas Lights! It is our "Feast of Lights."

And, oh! such a glow on happy faces: such a bright laughter on happy lips: such a gleam in happy eyes! These be Christmas Lights which it is a joy to look upon. The light of love, the light of hope, the lights of tenderness and truth, of wholesome mirth and contentment. What a warmth of the heart the husband feels, as he watches the soft fond light of affection gathering in his wife's dear eyes! With what sweet emotion thrills the mother's bosom as she sees the light of enjoyment brightening over the countenances of her children! How the lover rejoices in the light which makes the face of his betrothed shine to him like a beatific vision! All these lights swell and gather in that light of Home which deepens and spreads and glows like no other light known to mortal man—which becomes the consecration, as it were, of our humanity. And whatever manifold changes and chances the turns of Fortune may bring to us—whatever clouds of depression and suffering, disappointment and failure may involve us in their dreary influence, I think we may learn to endure each trial with patience by dwelling on the hope and promise of the Christmas Lights.

Whene'er we take our walk abroad, like good Dr. Watts, we

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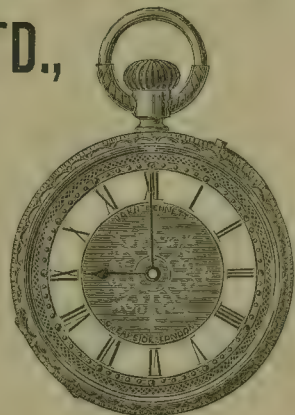
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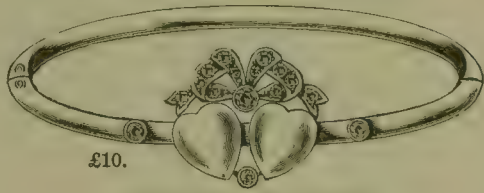
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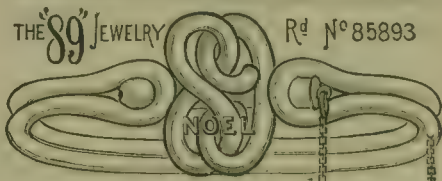
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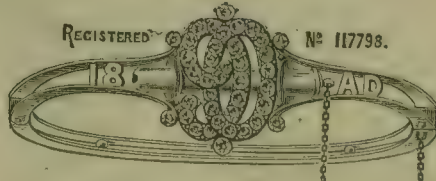
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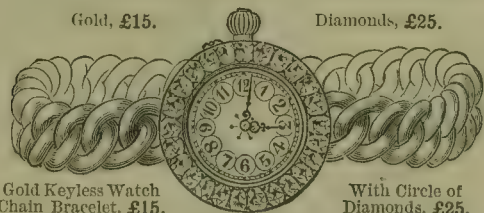


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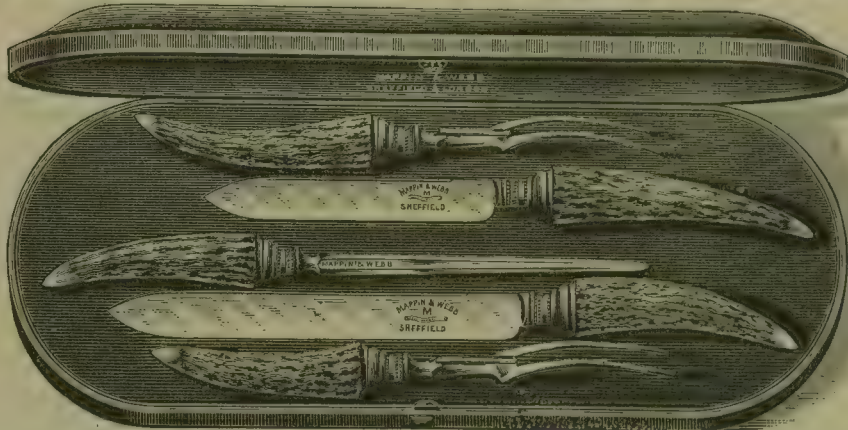
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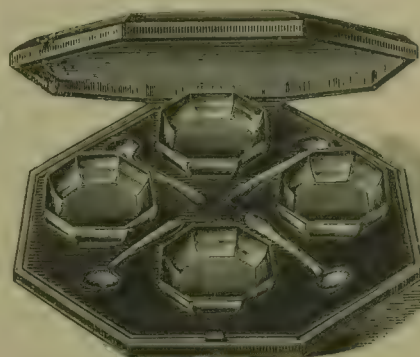
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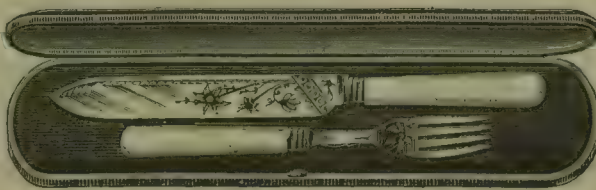
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ARRANGEMENTS.—LONDON, BRIGHTON, and SOUTH COAST RAILWAY. ALL ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS issued on Dec. 23, 24, and 25 will be available for the Return Journey by any Train of the same description and class up to and

impossible to resist. Those Christmas Lights—no, not even in Fairyland shall you find so potential an enchantment! Why, they have been known to reconcile friends who had stood aloof from each other for years! They have been known to soften into kindness the harshest natures. They have been known to extort charity from the hand of Avarice. They have been known to bend the head of Pride. They have been known—but, oh! there is no limit to the power of the Christmas Lights!

Shine on, ye lights, for many an age to come, brightening with auspicious beams the paths of mortal man! North and south and east and west, by land and by sea, the wanderers hasten back; and, O ye Christmas Lights, what voices of loving, joyous, and thankful welcome will arise wherever ye smile upon "the cheek of Home"! But other and purer lights there are than any which owe their existence to human hands and hearts. "Look up, and behold the eternal fields of light that lie round about the throne of God!" Under the influence of the Christmas season, I may be forgiven, perhaps, if I touch a graver chord than is usual in the pages of a weekly "secular" journal. On a Christmas Night I have a fancy that the stars of heaven shine with a softer, deeper lustre. They seem to soothe the mind with a strange sentiment of peace and repose. At all times a beauty and a mystery—so far from earth, and yet so near to man—they are now more beautiful and mysterious than ever. To gaze upon them as they pierce the air with their swift, shining spears, is always a delight; but we are most conscious of it, and feel it most deeply, when at Christmas the broad blue spaces open before us, and we are reminded of that Star in the East—that earliest, purest, sublimest Christmas Light—which, nearly nineteen

hundred years ago, went before the wise men till it came and stood over the place where, on His mother's bosom, lay the Holy Child. "When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy." Even so, my friends, let us once more rejoice—under the Christmas Lights! W. H. D.-A.

The Duke of Cambridge presided at the festival dinner of the Bethnal-green Free Library, held on Dec. 11 at the Hôtel Métropole. Subscriptions to the amount of £1890 were announced, the Duke of Cambridge giving £20, Sir James Tyler £1000, the Rev. Dr. Tyler £200, Mr. Bailly £50, Lord Hillingdon £25, Sir Whittaker Ellis £21, Lord Denman £10, and the treasurer (Mr. Bevan) £25.

The annual general meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society of England took place on Dec. 12 at the society's offices, Hanover-square. Lord Moreton presided. The Council state in the report that the second half-century of the society's corporate existence has opened with every indication of increased prosperity. During the past year 2762 new members had been elected, an occasion of support which was unprecedented. The nearest estimate possible of the accounts now outstanding show that the Windsor meeting of the society had resulted in an excess of expenditure over receipts of about £4900. It had been decided to hold their Plymouth meeting on June 23, 1890. The report was adopted.

A new poultry, vegetable, and fruit market has been provided by the Corporation at Smithfield, and the Lord Mayor has formally opened it. The building was erected several years ago as a fish market, when so much outcry was raised against the Billingsgate monopoly; but for this purpose it

proved a failure, causing a loss to the Corporation of about £62,000. At a cost of £12,000 it has now been altered into a mart for poultry, vegetables, and fruit, a much smaller edifice close by being set apart for the sale of fish. If this change should prove unprofitable, power is reserved to the Corporation to devote the space to some other object of public utility.

Mr. Cremer jun., of 210, Regent-street, besides his Christmas toys of many kinds and prices, of which we have already spoken, issues, as usual, a variety of crackers, of his own design and manufacture, running Mr. Tom Smith very close in this specialty.

The availability of ordinary return tickets between all stations on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway will be extended over the Christmas holidays as usual. On Dec. 23, 24, and 26, extra fast trains will leave Victoria and London Bridge Stations for the Isle of Wight; and on Christmas Eve an extra midnight train will leave London for Brighton, Eastbourne, Hastings, Worthing, Chichester, Portsmouth, and other places. On Boxing Day special cheap excursions will be run from Brighton, &c., to the Crystal Palace and London, and also from London to Brighton and back. For the Crystal Palace pantomime and the holiday entertainments on Boxing Day extra trains will be run to and from London, as required by the traffic. The Brighton Company announce that their West-End offices—28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square—will remain open until ten p.m. on the evenings of Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday, for the sale of the special cheap tickets and ordinary tickets to all parts of the line, at the same fares as charged at London Bridge and Victoria Stations.

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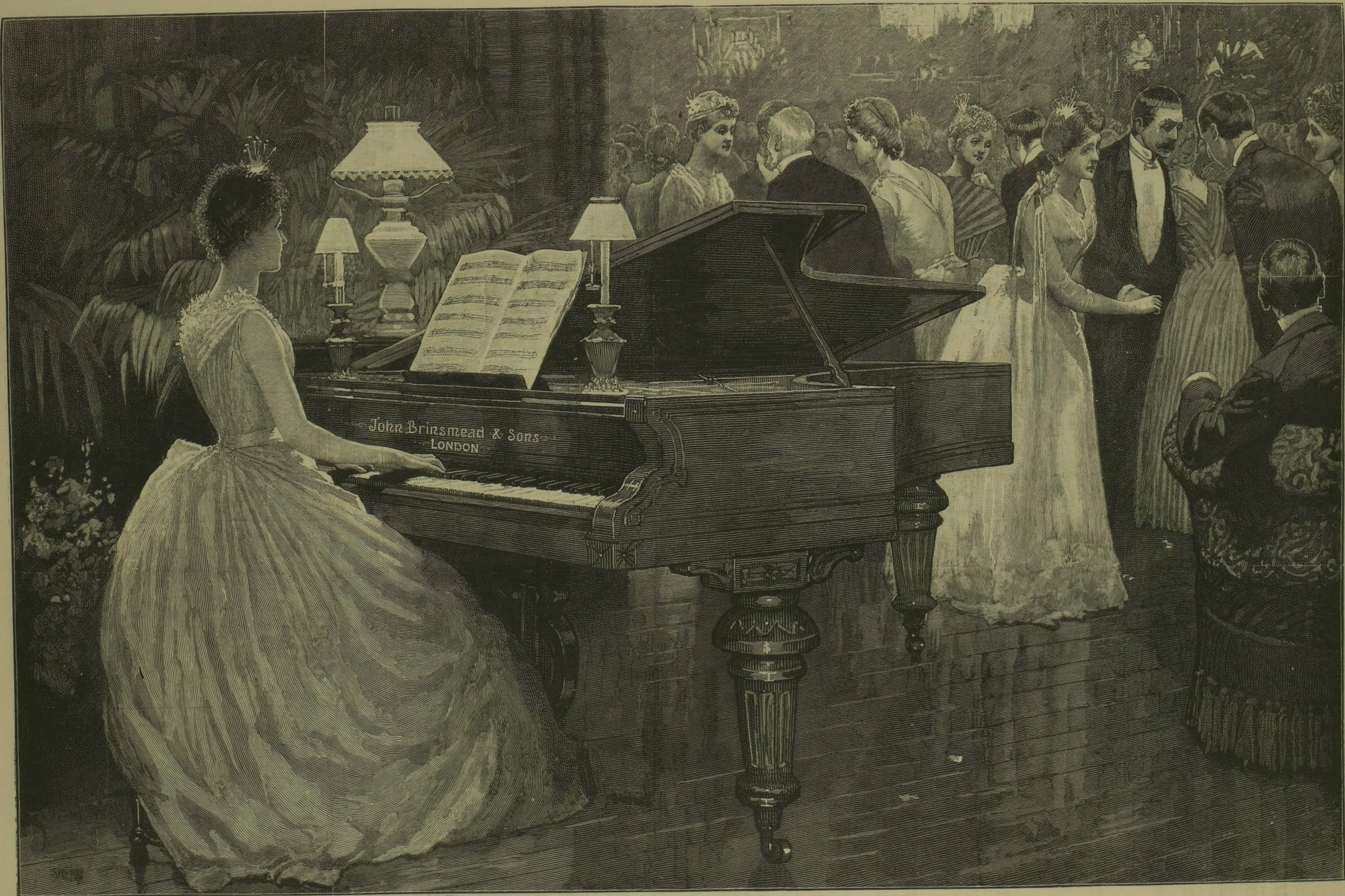
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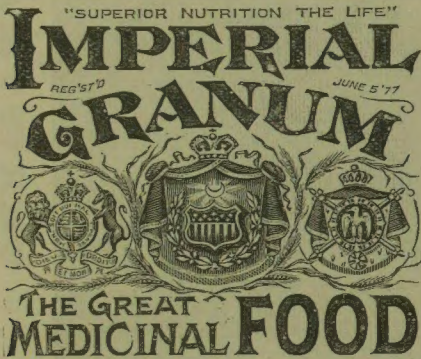
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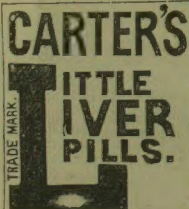
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